

# How to Fix An Axe Wound with a Knife Handle

by ChromosomeFarm

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-11-28 02:46:09

Updated: 2014-08-03 17:41:33

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:06:55

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 22,990

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: (and Other Tricks You Should Know) Fluffy and brainless HTTYD smut. Hiccup and Astrid are home alone for the evening, and, well, you know. Toothless can help a little too. Sure. Why not? (Warnings: bestiality and dubious consent/rape)

## 1. Part I: Waiting

\*\*A/N: Welp. I'm just as surprised to be here as you are. Well. You're probably not surprised. You had fair warning. I, on the other hand, have never written a lick of porn in my life nor planned to, and yet here we are. \*\*

\*\*This isn't all of it of course. I have more planned, to be completed at some indeterminable date. This is just a start. \*\*

\*\*This story will mostly be goofily Hiccstridtastic, with a small amount of help from Toothless. I'd like to think I play things relatively cute and innocent as porn goes, but there will be some kinda kinky shit later on if I get there, in the event of which I will provide a warning. \*\*

\*\*Probably nothing that will surprise YOU. Amirite? \*\*

\*\*Anyway, like all porn, you can expect glorious features such as: \*\*

\*\*1: No actual plot, just fluffy porn.\*\*

\*\*2: Beloved cartoon characters acting OOC when convenient because kinky. \*\*

\*\*3: Euphemisms. Lots and lots of euphemisms. \*\*

\*\*4: Obvious indications that the author is probably a virgin.

\*\*

\*\*Now with something called "spelling" and at least a small semblance of something called "grammar". Which of course comes with the feature of "not being written by a 13 year old for once." \*\*

\*\*So anyway, here we are.\*\*

\*\*We'll start out with just a little bit of Astrid on her own. Enjoy.  
\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>How to Fix An Axe Wound with a Knife Handle  
<strong>

\*\*(and Other Tricks You Should Know)\*\*

\_\*\*Part I: Waiting\*\*\_

This was so boring.

Astrid made herself at home, stretching casually out over Hiccup's bed.

\_In a bit\_, he'd said. \_I'll be back soon\_, he'd said.

Way to take hours for something you said would take minutes.

She sighed. It was just her and the Night Fury. And he wasn't very interesting at the moment. At first he had seemed a little concerned with her being up in Hiccup's bedroom—maybe, she thought, it was a sort of invasion of territory. But he'd certainly got over that fast. Maybe Toothless was finally getting back to his old self again. Hiccup hadn't taken him down to Gobber's with him since the Night Fury had been surprisingly irritable around other dragons for the past few days.

Now he was an oh-so-threatening black lump in the corner, curled up on his rock. He was fast asleep, but she could tell he was still aware by the way his auricles twitched whenever she made a noise.

They twitched again, as she closed her eyes and sighed. Maybe she would take a nap too. At this rate they wouldn't have time to get anything else done around here before it was dark out.

It would probably be okay if she did. It wasn't like Stoick was going to walk in on her or anything. He was out on another Chiefly trip again, out on some other faraway island.

Her hand rested on her belly, rising and falling with her breaths. Maybe one day he would finally start letting Hiccup go do some of that Chief stuff for him. Maybe she'd be allowed to go with him too, to make sure he didn't completely screw it up. She smiled.

She liked that boy.

Her thoughts wandered. She'd never really... **LIKED** a boy. Not like that. Well. He couldn't exactly carry you out of a fire with bulging

biceps or anything, but regardless there was something about him that put her at ease. Very smart. Very aware. Very funny. The way he always struggled to please everybody. The way he reacted when she punched him on the shoulder, or kissed him, or threw him for a loop.

Something about him was just... appealing. It was odd. He wasn't exactly the archetype of Viking aesthetics by any means. But... She didn't know. Maybe she liked that. He was small. Nothing to be afraid of.

She lowered her hands, fingers entwining boredly in the covers. Even as she smiled, she bit her lip. He was really pretty strong for a wiry thing. But he'd be no match for her. Oh no. These days he tended to get a little too sure of himself. Good thing she was there to slap him upside the head.

Or maybe one day if he was really bad, she'd just sort of pin him. To a tree, maybe. Oh, he wouldn't like that. Her mouth twisted. It would be easy. Just sort of hold him there with her elbow and listen to him complain.

She liked his voice. Soft and honest. Even when the words he spat were dripping in sarcasm.

That only made it better though, she thought. Mighty words from a skinny helpless body.

Her fingers wandered again, poking gently at the waistband of her skirt, unassumingly searching for a gap to slip under.

He would probably try his best to throw her for a while, but his warm lithe body would be like a toy in her domineering grip. If she wanted him down, he'd stay down. But maybe that's not what she wanted... Yes, she'd flip him, turn him roughly and easily over to face her, biffing the back of his head with a sweet thump against the tree.

His green eyes would be round in shock, and then he would glare and hiss in pain...

But then she would kiss him. Yes, sure. Kiss him and confuse him. He'd melt, grudgingly yet helplessly, face first and then the rest of him. His limp chest would throb, his light body relying on her completely to stay upright, and his eyes would peer cautiously into hers the way he stared into the bulging eyes of vicious dragons, readyâ€" squinting a little in anticipation of more punishment, and yet also, in his particular way, egging her on. Challenging her to try absolutely whatever she wanted. Reassuring her that he could take it, whatever it was.

And maybe one time she would do whatever she wanted. Maybe. Just... wrestle him easily down into the bushes, tangle him up, tear him down to his shuddering pale freckled skin, and...

"Ohâ€" "

The sound escaped her lips and she snapped them shut immediately, hearing a rustle in the corner of the room as Toothless raised his head irritably to look at her.

She paused, staring back sheepishly, right hand very much trapped almost inextricably in the tight space between her skin and her skirt, left still squeezing the blanket in frustrated longing.

The dragon's eyes widened a little, his pupils switching sizes contemplatively, uttering an inquisitive rumble.

"Mind your own business!" she managed, pulling up the covers to hide herself, and then turning her head away. She had no intention of stopping. Not then. Not for some dumb dragon. In fact the movement of the covers only pulled her harder into her fantasy, and she quickly forgot about the staring dragon as she suddenly remembered exactly whose bed she was currently lounging in.

She panted again, her heart fluttering as her toes curled up in her boots, her fingers squeezed tenderly between her thighs. She was in his bed. Hiccup's bed. She was in the Chief's house, stretched across the son of the Chief's bed, and there was nothing he could do about it. Well, maybe \_something\_...

Her hand clutched aggressively at her best-kept secrets, fingers burrowing partway inside, trying to help her imagine... At home, she might've had the handle of her axe to kind of help out, but she was at Hiccup's house now, and she wasn't about to stop mid-progress in the bed where he slept to go find something else to mess up.

Her mouth twisted and parted as she thrust steadily at her hand. An axe-handle probably wasn't much like a real boy anyway. A real boy would be warm. Hot, even. Hot and \_smooth\_, trying, trying so hard to make her happy...

Well, maybe. She didn't know. Somehow it made her fingers feel better inside if she imagined it that way though, something sort of \_thick\_ pounding up in there, over and over and over, forcing her closer and closer to... It was too much. He was wasn't allowed to escape now. She wouldn't let him, no. It was too good. She'd squeeze him, force him into her, harder, harder, harder, oh, she didn't care if she snapped him in two, if he just, oh, oh \_Thor\_!

"\_Mmmfh\_," she shuddered as a hot little orgasm fluttered through her body, her hungry little gash pulsing in its curious way around her deepest finger. She struggled to extract her hand from under her snug clothes with a sigh, thoughtlessly wiping it dry on the fabric next to her as she savored the very familiar sensation of her heart slowing down after a nice little grind.

Her brow furrowed, and she hastily threw the covers off herself, forcing herself to sit up, as opposed to " \_what\_? What had \_that\_ been? Languishing in those kinds of... thoughts" about HICCUP of all people. That dweeb Hiccup, her best friend. In his own house, no less. She bit her lip, grinding her fist into the bed beside her, puffing with disgust at herself. Letting herself get carried away again. She needed to maintain control.

Her hand wandered on its own, guiltily smoothing out the blanket as she sat there pondering, her legs squeezed tightly together.

The floorboard beneath was all marked up with little round imprints from Hiccup's missing foot. Astrid forced herself to tear her gaze

away, and found herself staring right into the bulging judgmental eyes of the Night Fury across the room.

He blinked, his eyes big and round, offering a soft warble. He was no longer curled up, now lying on his belly with his head pointed directly toward the bed.

Astrid frowned, burying her nails in her knee self-consciously.

No doubt about it. Hiccup's dragon had watched her the entire time.

\*\*...\*\*

## 2. Part II: Feeding the Pets

\*\*A/N: Here we are again. \*\*

\*\*As a note, I'm not taking requests on this story. I have it all planned out in my head. In any case, I never write porn, so this time I'm writing it for me, and if you happen to enjoy it by proxy, then cool beans. Just don't bug me to write something for you.  
\*\*

\*\*Because seriously. I'm being sarcastic enough with this project. No need for you to suffer it as well. LOL\*\*

\*\*So here we go. I didn't want to spoil it, but it might be a make-or-breaker for some people, so here it is: the next scene in this story is Toothless/Astrid cunnilingus. There's your warning. If you read through it and are disturbed by that, it is no longer my problem. \*\*

\*\*For those wondering, Hiccup (and all the delicious "dragon" and "tool"-related euphemisms therein) appears in the next chapter. So calm your tits. This isn't going to be a sweetie snugglefest with pages and pages of Hiccstrid CHARACTERIZATION bullshit anyway.  
\*\*

\*\*And I have finals these next few weeks, so I'm not sure how often I'll be posting. The demons will probably keep me going as they have been, but understand it's not particularly wise of me at this point to channel this much energy into shallow fandom porn. \*\*

\*\*I'd like to thank you if you have put up with my overbearing personality thus far, and especially if you're enjoying this odd little story. It is nice to be able to show it to people and hope they enjoy it, instead of letting it dwell in the dark little void where it would've otherwise been. \*\*

\*\*Enjoy!\*\*

\* \* \*

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\*\*(and Other Tricks You Should Know)\*\*

## \*\*Part II: Feeding the Pets\*\*

"What do you think you're staring at?" Astrid spat, flustered, still rosy and warm with enough afterglow from her little self-made orgasm to feel profoundly guilty about doing it where Hiccup had to sleep later that night.

Toothless warbled innocently, blinking his massive piercing eyes as he stared into hers, looked away from her, and then looked back.

Then his gaze drifted downward a little, his nostrils twitching. Astrid could hear the wet dragon tongue sloshing quietly in his mouth before its pink tips peeked out and slurped his snout. Then his nostrils widened again, taking something in. The dragon squinted at her, his pupils snapping in to focus somewhere disconcertingly low.

Astrid squirmed. Could he... smell that? She knew it had a smell, but she hadn't known... Toothless seemed to be able to smell it all the way across the room! Maybe what she'd heard was rightâ€" and the dragon couldn't tell it apart from fish. Ohh, gods.

She squeezed her legs shut, folding her arms carefully over her lap, her heart sinking. "Toothless, go back to sleep," she managed. "It's... nothing, okay? I just... It was an accident."

The dragon's eyes narrowed a little, and he snuffled again. Snuffle. Slurp. He looked back up at her, making a curious little sound, and with a long, wingsy dragon stretch, hefted himself up to his feet and padded right toward her.

She bit her lip, not knowing what to do. "Hey! Go lie down!" she snapped, trying to back up over the bed. "HEY!" He just kept coming, if anything more eagerly, as if he thought they were playing a game now. She fell backward as she tried to scramble off over the other side of the bed, throwing her feet apart to help kick herself over.

She wasn't quick enough. With a few triumphant yaps, his huge hot snout nudged and snuffled itself right between her legs, grunting as he shook away the spiked tendrils of her skirt as mild annoyances.

Astrid tried to scream, but then a blast of incredibly hot, moist air tickled under her skirt, filling her untouched regions with a sudden jet of heat and melting her almost instantly. Oh gods. He was puffing right onto the very best spots, filling her right up...Ah...

She forced herself to come to her senses again and angrily threw him off with her legs, following up with a rather panicked flailing of her fists on the top of his head for good measure. "Hey! Leave me alone!"

Toothless tugged himself out of reach and made a hurt sound, licking his snout and regarding her with a sideways glance, his ears drooping slightly.

Astrid still lay back across the bed in shock, staring back up at him and panting. "It's okay. Just... don't do that, okay?"

Her mouth twisted as the heat sucked away from her pants, leaving the edges of her damp underside uncomfortably cool and twinging.

Toothless avoided eye contact with her and whined, slurping the air again longingly, as if he'd missed something. He edged his snout back just a bit closer, wide nostrils pulling in the smell of her.

Astrid leaned forward unsteadily and put her fist on his nose. "Don't even think about it."

He looked up at her, tongue poking from his lips, pupils shifting. With a defiant grunt, Toothless shook himself easily from underneath her hand and shoved his face back in between her legs.

Astrid inhaled sharply, her entire body poised to deflect him again, but could only choke as she felt the dragon's thick, soft, sloppy tongue flick out roughly against her, sampling the sweat-marinated section of pants hiding underneath her skirt.

She tried to move, but he gave her no time to recover before he lapped her a second time, his rough tongue rasping hard against her most sensitive spot" she actually gasped out loud, fists clenching around handfuls of covers.

Toothless was an \_animal. \_A stupid \_animal" he didn't even know what he was doing. He had no idea that"

He just kept \_licking\_! Over and over. Was she really that delicious?

She flailed her legs aimlessly around his head. "Uah... \_stop!\_ H-hey... d-don't" Her fingernails clawed at his smooth scaly head, his skin so tough he didn't seem to feel a thing, humming and puffing interestedly as he explored with his big hot tongue, eagerly prying her legs farther apart to expose the hot space under each leg, trying to taste inside a salty crease he could feel and smell but couldn't quite get into...

Astrid struggled to free herself. She really did. This wasn't good. This was messed up... but it was like she no longer had strength in her limbs. Every stroke of his tongue seemed to debilitate her. She'd never been touched down there by someone else before, and...that tongue was just so... HUGE, sizzling hot and rough like a boiled towel, strong and forceful and hungry as it clung to her curves and \_tugged\_...

She wriggled her feet helplessly. "Toothless... Toothless" ah, stop..." she whimpered, her chest heaving. It was too much, the way his breath gushed over her in hot jets, the way she could feel the rumbles of his throat vibrating through the touch of his soft, eager snout, the way her pants were becoming sopping wet with slick, smooth, clingy dragon saliva that soaked through the fabric and sizzled underneath...

"Ow!" She yelped, feeling something hard and hearing the snap of breaking thread. She was shaken enough from her euphoria to make another honest attempt at throwing Toothless off, but this time he wouldn't have it. His paw was up on the bed, claws threatening to

tear the covers as he growled grumpily and simply forced himself deeper- she could feel the tips of his tongue trying to pry right into her, and then there was something hard again. The dragon made a focused little grunt, and there were another few snaps of breaking thread, as if...

Astrid kicked in a panic, battering his auricles with her legs as she tried to dissuade him with punches on the eyelids. "What are you doing?! What are you doing to my \_pants?"\_

He winced away from her attacks with an upset grumble but did not relent. She took a sharp intake of breath as she actually felt him shove back in and gnaw painfully on her already-tender mound with the tips of his big teeth, apparently trying to bore through the seam of her trousers.

"Hey! No!" she shrieked, jamming her knuckles into his eyes. Toothless yowled and finally, though reluctantly, relented, his tongue still reaching longingly for the space under her skirt as she forced him back.

Astrid glared at him in shock, wrapping her ankles around each other again as she sat stiffly on the edge of the bed. Toothless moaned and pitched under her hands at this, but she stubbornly held him back. "No! What do you think you're doing? Hiccup never told me you.. eat \_pants\_!"

Toothless whined and shook his head under her hands, trying to push through, his tongue slurping longingly at the empty air.

She shoved him harder, but he refused to relent. "Thor! What's wrong with you?"

He made an upset snarl, pointing his nose toward her skirt and pushing, his nails scrabbling on the smooth wood floor, musing snout held back only by the painful pressure on his eyes.

Astrid swallowed hard. He was so much bigger than her, and he wasn't going to stop. She could see the glint of his teeth winking around his hungry tongue, and feel his ravenous moaning shaking through the floorboards...

And underneath her sopping trousers, her body was twinging. That delicious heat had been sucked away with the head of the dragon, leaving her cold, \_cold\_...

She bit her lip.

Cold and \_disgusting\_, seeping a sticky pool of fishy dragon saliva onto Hiccup's covers.

Toothless bellowed, jerking his head again and almost shaking himself free.

Astrid was very strong, but she couldn't hold back the full weight of a dragon. Not for much longer, anyway.

"Toothless..." she pleaded, giving him one last desperate push.

He shoved stubbornly back with a grumpy huff.



"That's really how it's going to be..."

The slit of pupil she could see beneath his squished eyelid glared up into her eyes for a moment before focusing back down at his target, his body vibrating with an intimidating rumble.

Astrid sighed, shivering, and uncrossed her legs, clumsily trying to pull her boots off with her feet. They were stuck.

"Hold on," she murmured, giving the dragon a stiff shove away from her and hastily bending over tight to struggle with her boots.

Toothless gave a curious yap, pausing to blink and slurp his snout before immediately diving back in, trying to find where the smell had gone. Astrid winced, feeling his huge nose snuffling eagerly over her, the curious touches of his big tongue making her shiver as he found the gap between her body and legs and tried to pry it open.

"Thor Almighty! Just wait a \_second,\_" she snapped, swatting at him again as she shook free her second boot, leaving her rough but pretty little feet cold and bare.

She paused, folded tightly over herself, biting her lip and trembling as Toothless spread her liberally in gamey dragon spit, quickly zeroing in on her behind and trying to shove his tongue up underneath.

She took a deep breath. She was going to take her pants off for this dragon. It was either that or let him rip them off herâ€" and probably easily hurt her in the process.

Oh gods, what if Hiccup came home? She shivered. It wasn't like she had a choice! She'd just... hide under his covers and tell him to go to her house to get her some new ones maybe. He would do that. He'd better. She'd murder him if he didn't.

Astrid swallowed hard, and wormed her hands underneath her skirt, still bent over herself protectively, but parting her legs a little to let her leggings start edging out from underneath her.

Oddly, Toothless seemed baffled by what she was doing, curious enough to pause just a moment in his relentless licking and try to take her in with his wide judgmental eyes and erect, twitching auricles.

Oh gods. Carefully, her round ears bright red and hot as she felt the dragon's gaze penetrating her, she hesitantly wrestled her hips free from the security of the fabric, inched the waistband down over her slender, powerful thighs, and peeled the somewhat soggy leggings down over her calves, squeezing her mouth shut grimly as she finally tugged them free from her toes and crumpled them into a shapeless wad.

She raised them up, shoving them toward the beast's snout. "There you go!" she snapped, before tossing them onto the floor a few feet away. "Now leave me alone!" She straightened herself, squeezing her thighs together self-consciously, fumbling to find the edge of the cover to wrap it over her lap.

Toothless watched the path of the pants to the floor with an inquisitive gollop and a twitch of the nostrils.

Then, with a happy murmur, he whirled and thrust his nose right back at her, shoving her hand aside before she even had the chance to cover herself up and cheerfully fighting to bury himself back through her nest of tangled skirt-tendrils and on into that tasty spot in between her legs.

She shrieked in terror, punching, kicking and clawing at his forehead. "No! No, Toothless! Don'tâ€" ! Hey! HEY!"

This wasn't supposed to happen! He was supposed to go after her pants and leave her alone, not... go on to molest\_ her! \_Why did he want her \_so bad?\_

She squeezed her naked thighs so tightly together that her knees ached, deflecting him as much as she possibly couldâ€" oh, she felt vulnerable! So vulnerable!- but with three or four deft movements of his snout, he had wormed his way in through her defenses and laid her completely bare.

For a fraction of a second, the room's cool breeze nipped teasingly at all of the pink wet things underneath as they were suddenly exposed like the meat of a scallop.

Toothless, the animal, made no ceremony of it. He never paused to admire her never-seen nethers. He never took the time to ask what she thought of the idea or see if she was ready. Indeed, he couldn't know what he was doing to herâ€" to him she was less a girl and more a choice pile of fresh, juicy fish. He simply dove right into her, pushing in with a lewd, sloppy slurp that clung to her behind and flicked up over her soggy mound.

Astrid's mouth opened wide to scream, but the sound came out strangled and weak. \_Oh... \_

Toothless rumbled in delight, his breath searing across her bare little cunny, the vibration of his sounds shaking crazily through her nerves. He gave another long slurp, his rough tongue bending a little to taste inside her salty gash.

"Mmmmp, T-toothless..." she whined, tense and trembling. She thought she might cry.

He prodded again, slipping the tips of his tongue inside a little deeper in search of her taste, roughly peeling her swollen axe wound open.

She put her hands on his head with the intention of pushing, but couldn't make her arms work, writhing uselessly. "Toothless... don't... ah, \_Toothless\_...!"

He made a little squawk. He insisted. Snuffling ticklishly, the big dragon found the spot he was looking for, a pungent salty-sweet well of juice hiding under that tangle of yellowish fuzz. His wide tongue was far too large to reach all the way in to the source, but he happily and hungrily started to lap up the entrance, his rough tongue almost abrasive on her sensitive underside even sopping wet,

instantly spreading her entire behind and inner thighs with thick, fishy-smelling drool as he licked over... and over... and over.

\_Oh...\_ Her insides writhed, torn between helpless pleasure and utter disgust, not sure whether to shriek or to gag. It was so slippery and slimy. He was so rough and hungry and focused. The twin tips of his hot tongue pushed longingly \_in\_ and \_up\_, flicking hard against that sensitive spot at the front with every slurp, driving her insane... And the \_smell\_ of it, damp and hot, clinging like a mistâ€" oh, Toothless didn't have any idea what he was doing. She was just his snack. A snack. Something to be eaten roughly and irreverently like a bucket of mackerel after a long dragony dayâ€" \_Gods! \_

Her fingers tensed on his forehead, and her body began to move on its own, thrusting hard into his tongue, begging for more friction, her toes splayed as she \_reeeeched, pleeeaded\_â€"

"\_Toothless\_â€"!" she gurgled in a new tone altogether, finding herself grinding away with abandon at his snuffling, leathery noseâ€"

A snuffling nose that suddenly drew a few inches back, out of reach of her hungry slit, and went still, withdrawing the perfect tongue along with it. Toothless' ears perked up. Apparently he was picking \_this\_ of all moments to listen to her cries.

"\_Ouaah\_â€" hey!" Her gasping mouth twisted, and she shuddered with longing, his hot breath mocking her as it poured in ticklish puffs right over her twinging, needy snatch.

She clawed pleadingly at his forehead, trying to tug his face back in with her thighs. "Don'tâ€" stop... Come on...!" she whined. "Please? Oh... please, \_come on\_, \_please\_, \_don't make me\_â€"!"

He made an inquisitive sound and made to pull his face out from under her skirt.

Oh, no. Astrid wasn't going to let that happen until that stupid dragon had finished what he'd started. She threw her hands up and seized his top two sensors, letting out a choked gasp as this jammed his snout back hard against her mound.

Toothless wagged his head for a second, clutched tight between her clinging knees. Astrid was moaning as she leaned against his hot forehead, feeling his curious vibrations as he snuffled right there in her groin. Viciously she humped herself against his snout.

"Come on, Bud," she growled pleadingly through grit teeth. "Come on, you useless sack of scales! Just a little more, justâ€" come on..."

She shivered, feeling a tiny, hot flicker of his curious tongue. "Ahâ€" t-that's it..." she breathed. Toothless grumbled and tried again to pull himself free, but she clung greedily to his sensors, her sex twinging, begging for just a little bit more contact. "It'sâ€" it's okay, just, ah, a little more... justâ€" \_come on\_..." she begged. "Come on... \_Please\_, Toothless, just..."

Toothless rumbled, giving a disgruntled \_snort\_ that made her entire

lower half tense with euphoria. She squeezed him harder, tears leaking in the corners of her eyes. "Yes... yes...!" It was too good. She could barely take it anymore.

She screamed in bliss, feeling his tongue's heat finally slap roughly across her underside again. "A-ah-ahâ€" \_Toothless!"\_ If her eyes hadn't rolled back in her head, she might've seen his ears perked interestedly, curious that such a little touch could provoke such a strange reaction. He started again hesitantly, feeling her bump against him and squeal, louder and louder with every slurpâ€" and then \_tugged\_ another huge, sloppy lick from behind to mound.

That was itâ€"! Astrid made a high, animal noise, bucking frantically into the dragon's tongue as she came like she never had before. It wouldn't \_stop\_. She could feel violent waves of pleasure pulsing through her ribs, making her thrash and squeal helplessly as she smeared Toothless' snout with something more. A tingling sensation burst out of her center, rendering all of her limbs numb and uselessâ€" she fell off of Toothless' head and tumbled back with a sold thump onto the wooden bed. She was in too much euphoria to mind the pain. In fact she welcomed it, becoming a bruising, panting, tingling, sticky throbbing mess draped over the edge of Hiccup's bed.

Toothless remained between her legs, cheerfully slurping up her newest batch, but she was too well-used and empty-headed to care any longer. There was nothing left of her but happiness and hearthrob, not even a single shred of reason remaining to dart back into her head and ruin it all.

She smiled, woozy and completely limp as her body continued to throb. "G-good boy, T-toothless," she breathed, barely there. "G-good boy..."

She supposed she should probably get up and put her pants back on before Hiccup came home. Maybe after her heartbeat slowed down... It felt so good just to lie here, melting into the covers...

Astrid fell fast asleep right then and there.

She was so deeply gone, she felt nothing when Toothless finally drew away from her with a satisfied slurp and left her splayed there, completely bare to the air and sopping in a dark puddle of dragon drool.

She heard nothing as Toothless yawned and made himself once again comfortable on his bed to resume his nap.

And even a good while later, her heart finally at rest and her breathing slow and easy, she realized absolutely nothing when the heavy door downstairs opened and Hiccup finally stumbled inside, burdened with a heavy basket of supplies and already babbling apologetically.

"I'm so sorry it took so long, Astrid! You know Gobber! He'sâ€" well!â€" \_Gobber\_! And...dahh..."

He paused. The room was empty and the house was quiet.

"Astrid?"

No response...

Hiccup heard a soft gurgle and looked up to see Toothless peering over the edge of the loft at him.

"Hey, Bud!" Hiccup said quietly, taking cues from the dragon. "Uh, is Astrid... here...?"

Toothless glanced back toward the bed, which was out of Hiccup's sight, and then glanced back down at Hiccup with a low murmur.

Hiccup smiled. She'd probably got so bored waiting on him to show up that she'd conked out.

Well... he'd just sneak up there and put these away. Maybe catch a glimpse of her sleeping. His heart fluttered.

Hiccup made his way up the stairs.

\*\*...\*\*

### 3. Part III: Training the Toothless Daydream

\*\*A/N: It's been a while. Finals has been raping me. I still have more to go, but I'm almost done. \*\*

\*\*Here comes Hiccup. Poor little sap. \*\*

\*\*As a note, I try to be very intentional about how I word my sentences. I mention this because any experts on lucid dreaming are about to cringe hardcore, and I just wanted to remind them that Hiccup hasn't read as many dream manuals as you probably have before we get going. \*\*

\*\*On that note, we're also going to get into some, er, questionable (no, like, \_questionable\_) territory in the next chapter. It'll probably be short, but. Well, the ending of this chapter kind of implies what's going to be going on. So. Sorry. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>How to Fix An Axe Wound with a Knife Handle  
<strong>

\*\*(and Other Tricks You Should Know)\*\*

\_\*\*Part III: Training the Toothless Daydream\*\*\_

Oof.

The basket in Hiccup's arms was heavy, and he hefted it up in front of his face as he climbed to give his legs more room to find the stairs. It was an awful lot of stuff for a small person to carry â€" even if that small person was a Viking!â€" and he'd already had to take a break or two to get it all the way up the hill to his house. Errf. Just a little bit farther...

Vision mostly obscured by the tools under his nose, Hiccup carefully navigated by feel and memory around the bed toward his desk, being extra careful to be as silent as he possibly could. He bit his lip. Every step with that left leg sounded to him like a sledgehammer against the floorboards.

It didn't help that Toothless was pursuing him, happy to see him home, rumbling so softly Hiccup could feel it more than hear it and nudging at his trembling elbows, big claws clattering on the floor.

"Shh, Bud," Hiccup breathed, craning his neck uselessly to try to peek at the bed around the basket. He couldn't see much, but he could at least tell that the covers were all tossed around.

He smiled, heart throbbing with affection.

Toothless chose that moment, while Hiccup's hands were too occupied to defend himself, to lick him right up the face, slathering his lips and nose with fishy dragon saliva.

"Ugh, Toothless!" Hiccup squealed as softly as he could, wincing, trying to wipe his face off on shrugged shoulders and failing. Blindly he stumbled the last few steps to his desk, and practically fell on top of the equipment as he let it drop to the floor as quietly as he could still manage.

He sighed, carefully scraping goop off his face as he straightened. His nose wrinkled. "Ew, I can taste it! Thanks, Bud," he mouthed, squinting sideways at the wide-eyed, excited beast.

Toothless' big tongue lolled as he murmured a small apology, blinking to glance at the bed again and then back at Hiccup.

Hiccup gave him a half smile. "You didn't make a pest of yourself, did you?"

Toothless made a high, innocent sound.

Hiccup's nose wrinkled. Now that his face was away from the musty supplies, he noticed that the room seemed to smell different. Sort of damp and fishy and sickly sweet. But something kind of reminded him of the hot waft off fresh piss. It made his innards sort of tingle.

Eugh.

"...Toothless, what did youâ€"?" Hiccup turned and faced the bed.

He blinked.

He turned on his heel and faced the wall again, his eyes latching solemnly onto the closest chart and focusing hard on proportions and measurements. What he thought he had seen was quickly boxed off, isolated, and banished away into oblivion.

Absolutely improbable.

Hiccup made himself chuckle. His brain was really, uh... going places, today!

Toothless gave him a curious look. Then the dragon padded out of Hiccup's peripheral vision, back toward the bed.

"Ah-hey! What did I tell you about being a pest?" Hiccup scolded under his breath, taking steps to follow the wayward dragon. His gaze followed Toothless a few paces, then snapped past the black dragon back to the bed.

Hiccup stared in disbelief.

The sight WAS absolutely improbable. And, horrifyingly, it was exactly what he'd thought he'd seen.

He'd expected to see Astrid sleeping in his bed, of course. And she was. Completely dead asleep, her gentle breaths fluttering through the locks of hair that fell over her left eye.

He had \_not, \_however, expected her to be lying there on top of his tangled quilt, her pretty calves hanging evenly off the edge of the bed... \_wearing absolutely no pants at all. \_

It wasn't exactly something you could ignore either. She was bare. Even the tendrils of her skirt had been pushed aside, and her legs were spread wide. Practically \_presentationally. \_

And Hiccup could see... pretty much everything there was to see.

His innards twisted, dissolved, rearranged, rose and sank. Sank low.

Toothless ducked his head toward her and dragged his thick tongue casually over her exposed glistening bits, as if in lewd, intentional demonstration that she was solid and not some kind of ethereal mirage.

Hiccup snapped himself out of it. "T-Toothless!" he yelped in horror, forgetting to be quiet, bursting forward and tugging the dragon's face away. He focused on pushing the dragon, staring hard at the black scaly forehead, but was still able to see that huge pale-and-yellow shape out of the corner of his eye.

He tried to shake it out of his head, glaring at the Night Fury. "What do you think you're doing?! That's notâ€"!" You can't justâ€"!" He paused, realizing he was shouting, and anxiously glanced back at Astrid.

None of it seemed to have disturbed her at all. She slept on peacefully, her crotch now gleaming with dragon spit, not stirringâ€" though Hiccup thought he saw the very corners of her mouth tensing a little. Like somewhere in her deep dreams, something had made her smile.

Hiccup swallowed hard, tearing his eyes away again, but by now was too late. He felt a sort of vertigo-inducing rush as everything between his ribs and knees churned with gushing, boiling bloodâ€" and the rest of him began to get sort of tingly and numb, gradually left to starve.

His mouth twisted uncontrollably, as if he were about to be

ill.

Hiccup looked down.

Oh. Baaaad. Very bad.

He looked back at Astrid.

Worseâ€\_ worse\_ â€\_WORSE!\_

He looked at Toothless. The dragon made a low sound, his nostrils puffing. He stared, his huge eyes wide and judgmental.

"...What?" Hiccup mumbled. "Look, don't... Look at me like that!"

Hiccup hated feeling like this. Hated it. Well. He supposed it was impossible to really hate it, as good as it really felt, but... It always came at the wrong time. He didn't like losing his head. It made him feel like a greedy, stupid brute. Like he was entitled to things his sense of logic knew he could never have so easily. It made him ache inexplicably for things he had no idea how he was supposed to ever conceivably acquire...

It was worse now, so much worse, with Astrid in the room. Astrid... \_like that\_. She made the inconceivable, blaringly, burningly \_conceivable\_â€ and it terrified him.

Astrid was a \_real \_girl.

She wasn't an embarrassingly crude little drawing etched into the dry dirt with a stick by his trembling teenage hand, only to be feebly smeared into crumbly mud under his toe after she'd fulfilled her secret purpose.

She wasn't a salacious illustration in one of those forbidden books of saucy Norse poetry he and Fishlegs and found and sniggered at when they were ten, blushed at when they were thirteen, and had solemnly and secretly passed back and forth ever since.

Then again, she wasn't a toy to tinker with. She wasn't some... blacksmith project he could justâ€ \_pound away at \_however he pleased.

She was... Astrid.

Toothless yapped curiously as Hiccup clumsily stumbled past him and tottered on around the corner of the bed.

"Um... Come on, Bud. There's a... chore, weâ€ um!â€ \_I!\_\_â€\_need to do... Downstairs."

He couldn't even make it.

Hiccup had hoped perhaps that the loss of his leg would help with his fainting problem. Leave him with a higher concentration of blood in the rest of him that would come in handy at times like this, maybe. He didn't know.

All he \_did\_ know now was that his body seemed to be prioritizing his



blood flow. And blood in his legs was no longer a priority, apparently, because Hiccup was barely halfway to the stairs before his legs gave out underneath him and he tumbled flat onto his stomach.

For a moment he could only lay there and hiss in pain. Between his snug pants and the hard floor, the pressure on his groin was becoming unbearable.

He bit his lip, trying not to whimper. He hadn't wanted to take care of this here. Not \_right next to her, \_for Thor's sake! What if she woke up and saw him? Worse, what if she saw \_IT? \_But he couldn't seem to get up the strength to get up again.

There was a painful, urgent throb between his legs now. He didn't have a choice in the matter.

Time to... take care of business. Grimly he flopped and floundered like a beached fish until he managed to flip onto his back, his limbs skidding as he tried to push off of the floor, feeling sort of tingly and useless.

Gods. So \_that's\_ where all his blood had gone. It had become an aggressive bulge in his pants, stretching the seams as tight as they would go.

Already breathing in loud, unsteady hiccups, his heart practically vibrating in his little chest, Hiccup winced, his fingers deftly peeling open his fly and letting himself spring free.

Eugh. It was sort of...\_damp\_. Damp and longing to be touched and almost painfully stiff, pointing straight up through his sea of clothes and out over his belly. Its bright pink head gleamed like the sloppy tongue of a toothless Terrible Terror as it jabbed enthusiastically out of its sheath, and even as he hastily gripped it by the neck and started to carefully smooth out the discomfort from being stuffed in his pants, Hiccup just sort of stared at it for a moment in abject horror, as if he'd forgotten this bloodsucking, twinging thing was attached to him.

Somewhere near his feet, Toothless made a curious sound, causing Hiccup to jumpâ€" though he wasn't really all that surprised. Having a friendly, intelligent dragon as a companion had very few downsides, but this was one of the biggest ones: the utter lack of privacy. Hiccup supposed it was only fair for the dragon to want to study \_him\_ as much as \_he\_ studied the dragon. But did Toothless really have to try to watch him \_masturbate, \_every time?

Hiccup wondered if the dragon just thought he was some kind of cute little baffling enigma, periodically going mad and panting and convulsing behind trees and under covers instead of just finding himself a mate.

Then again, maybe the beast was just waiting for the salty mess to lick up afterward.

Ew. Though it \_was\_ \_better than having to touch it himself...

Hiccup glared feebly up into the huge, curious eyes, lifting a shaky foot and pushing on Toothless' snout as it got too close. "Hey! G-go

away! It's nothing you... haven't seen before!"

Toothless blinked toward Astrid on the bed, blinked down Hiccup's leg, and then looked up into the boy's flushed face, making a low noise.

Hiccup winced. Why did the dragon have to be so smart? "Wâ€" yeah, yeah, you- you've got meâ€" figured out! Now, could you please justâ€"! what are you...?"

Toothless burbled to himself, taking Hiccup's foot gently in his mouth. He tugged it, dragging Hiccup a few inches across the floor, and carefully balanced it up on the edge of the bed, tenderly nudging it into place with his snout before sitting back with a self-satisfied twitch of his auricles, staring from Hiccup to Astrid expectantly.

"Wuhhhh..." Hiccup blinked, his mouth twisting as his erection pulsed hungrily in his still hand. "Why thank you, Dr. Romance," he deadpanned, withdrawing his foot again to arrange himself more comfortably on the floor, with his feet down, knees up and back straight, his boot curled around his metal toe so it wouldn't skid.

Toothless made a grumpy huff at this blatant rejection of sound advice, giving Hiccup an odd look.

Hiccup panted a little, starting to give the warm solid thing a few more gentle strokes, pleased to feel that it wouldn't take too long to get this over with. "Don't... look at me like... that," he muttered vaguely at the dragon. "I'm pretty sure I understand the...uh, principle. Like... what it's for and everything..." He gave it an exceptionally long tug. "It's just... I'm... human. It's not as simple for us as... stuffing every girl-thing senseless... six weeks before Snoggletog."

Coughing with what Hiccup could only presume was some kind of dragon scoff, Toothless settled on his belly, head between his paws, still blinking at Hiccup, though through cynically narrowed eyes.

Hiccup knew it was no use telling the dragon not to stare, so he shut his eyes tight and blocked everything out but the task at hand.

Humans were... pretty complicated, weren't they? Not like dragons. Or any other wild thing.

Hiccup wondered what it would be like if he had been born a wild thing. An animal. A big, greedy animal that didn't overthink things. Or fret about the consequences. Eating whatever he wanted to eat. Pissing wherever he wanted to piss. Mindlessly raping whatever female he could pin down long enough, not caring what she felt about it or whether she ended up swollen with his babies.

He shuddered. Gods. It was a terrible thought, really. It was. Terrible... but...

Because what would that be like, really? If he could just... climb up on top of Astrid there, and just kind of... slide his way deep into her warm body through that strange pink slit, and... not have to

worry about human things like marriage, or virginity, or babies or... or her castrating him...

Uuuurgh, and she would. If she knew. If she \_saw. \_

But she seemed pretty dead to the world. Maybe...she'd stay in a deep, heavy sleep, and he could do whatever he wantedâ€" kiss her and fondle her and explore herâ€" lie on top of her and hold her close and take in her smellâ€" And later she'd wake up from her happy dreams, her belly aching, pounded and pumped full of his warm sticky... stuff. And she'd just think she was crazy and never even know...

He smiled shyly at that idea, feeling his handle throb excitedly as it slid against his palm. Even in his head he was probably too... I mean he wouldn't really...

He winced, even as he bucked into the quickening rhythm of his bobbing fist. Oh... he didn't like being like this. Thinking these weird things. Where did this stuff come from? He loved Astrid. He'd never...

He didn't know, but something, something was driving him crazy. His erection pulsed hungrily in his grip as if it somehow knew there was a real, warm wet burrow, right there, close enough to smell, and his deft fingers scrambled to try surround himself completely, blocking out the cold of the room in crude imitation of that forbidden hiding spot.

Because it would be so \_warm \_inside of her, warm and \_slick...\_

It would be so much better if she was awake. So much better. If she wasn't killing him, granted.

But she wouldn't. Why would she? Oh no. She might consider it, even as he gently but firmly held her down and eased his way inside of her... but she'd come around. Of course she'd come around. She wouldn't be able to help it once he was churning up her soft silky insides with his quick, expert thrusts...

He could feel his heartbeat shuddering through the excited flesh pounding in his hands.

She'd \_love\_ it. She'd \_scream. \_She'd strangle him deep inside her and beg him never to stop. Because this is all she ever wanted. Him. Him and his hard prick crammed all the way up inside, filling her perfectly, filling her \_up \_perfectly...

Hiccup wheezed. Almost there... he was at that point of no return, his feet almost slipping out from under him as his pelvis bucked and jerked on its ownâ€" as if his left hand could never ever work fast enough. He'd thrown his right hand out to claw uselessly against the floor in some attempt at leverage.

He couldn't think. Not of anything but the way she'd gasp and cry out as he gave her his final frenzied thrusts, andâ€"

"Aghâ€"!" He hadn't intended to make a noise. Not a... bark at least. But he couldn't help it. The pressure had become too muchâ€" he'd felt that ominous, incredible feeling of impending explosionâ€"

And then there'd been the hot slap of something liquid hitting him on the cheek.

\_Ohhhhhh, what? Gross, gross, gross...!\_

He winced in instant, nearly paralyzing disgust, barely retaining the foresight or function to bend his shaft a bit to the side before another intense burst shuddered through him and he heard the light patter of it hitting the floorboards beside him.

And then the next, weaker and tingly, refusing to clear his body and soaking warmly into his tunic somewhere by his hipbone.

His stomach churned.\_ Oh, come on.\_

He couldn't really do anything about it now but sort of whimper. Drained, he lay there still and panting, his cheeks flushed, body completely numb and tingly and useless. All he was was limp boneless meat and heavy, throbbing heartbeat that reverberated from his center all the way out to his scalp and his toes.

His nose wrinkled. He could feel the stuff \_oozing \_slowly down his cheek... It had a stomach-twisting chemical smell.

Oh he felt dirty. Dirty and disgusting. All of him. He was disgusting mess. A puddle of melted, depraved, ashamed, disgusting liquid Hiccup oozing like spoiled yak milk into the floorboards.

Toothless' hot tongue appeared out of the ether and Hiccup could feel the dragon begin to tenderly lap up every gooey dollop of Hiccup-nog, nibbling and sucking it gently out of his clothes and carefully wiping it off of his face in three hot slurps. Sick as it was, the innocent dumb-animal gesture did make Hiccup feel a little bit better, but he couldn't help but find himself wishing that Toothless would just drink the rest of him up in a few quick swallows and make him disappear too.

That wouldn't be so bad. He felt as detestable as a week-dead mackerel.

And probably about as likely to get between Astrid's legs.

"Ohhhhhhhh, gods..." he moaned unhappily. The air of the room still tickled through his opened fly, making him feel indecent and exposed. Hiccup gathered up all the strength left in his spent body and flopped onto his side, folding himself shut like a little fuzzy scallop. Maybe if he made himself as small as possible, no one would see how depraved he was.

There was a hot snort, right into his ear. With a grumpy murmur, Hiccup opened his eyes and frowned blearily up at Toothless.

The beast cocked his head a little, blinking wide, friendly, all-seeing eyes and making a curious gallop.

Hiccup's frown slowly dissolved. He'd forgotten that Toothless happened to be rather fond of week-dead mackerel. Slime and all.

He managed a bleak, faint smile. "Bud, if you knew..."

And he remembered, his best friend wouldn't care. These thoughts were natural. Primal.

Thor. Toothless had just been confused that he'd rather be wallowing in daydreams on the floor than up there using his erection for real when he had the chance. The dragon wasn't aware of any reason to feel guilt about it.

Hiccup squinted past the dragon, through the space under the bed, where he could see Astrid's pretty bare feet still there, hanging limply, \_wide apart\_...

Something stirred again, deep in his tummy.

It seemed so odd. That she was lying like that. Did she mean to torture him like this? Hadn't she known he was coming home soon?

Well, maybe she had been sleepy. Or sick. But... that didn't explain why her pants were off.

It\_ really \_didn't.

Unless... Maybe she had fallen asleep\_ waiting for him\_. Strewn out over his bed, legs spread wide, eager to invite him in between...?

Bah! \_Astrid\_?! The sensible, guarded Astrid he knew? The one who barely condescended to kiss him from time to time? The one who \_bashed\_ people for looking at her wrong? The one who would only very grudgingly ever surrender control to someone else?

The idea was ludicrous. No chance.

Hiccup blinked, squinted, blinked again at those pretty feet. He'd never seen Astrid's feet beforeâ€" or indeed any of her bare, really. Well, except her arms and face of course. Her skin was such a pretty rosy color.

His heart twinged.

He looked up at his best friend. "Toothless," he asked slowly. "Am I dreaming?"

The dragon was staring across at Astrid too, from his better vantage point, his tongue sloshing idly in his mouth. He blinked back at Hiccup, making a tiny sound.

A dream was the only thing that made any sense.

Come to think of it, he \_HAD\_ taken a pretty heavy bonk on the head when that hammer had fallen off of the shelf today at Gobber's...

And he always had the most vivid dreams when he was unconscious...

And he \_had\_ \_been\_ really excited to hang out alone with Astrid today.

Even if it was just to do chores.

So maybe he was just having a dream! The kind he didn't usually remember, but he knew happened, because he would wake up to Toothless cleaning up the blankets over his thighs.

It had to be a dream...

He smiled. That was the answer. It was a dream. It explained everything.

That wasn't the \_real \_Astrid lying there on the bed, then. It was a pretty picture his head had conjured up. Something dredged up from the deepest depths of his psyche. Not the \_real \_Astrid.

The more he thought about it, the more he believed it. It made so much more sense than anything else. Why else would Astrid be... like that? Spread open to let anyone do what he liked...

Hiccup felt things twinging inside him, his face flushing hot. That's right. Because if this was a dream...

He \_could \_do anything, couldn't he? There weren't any consequences. He could just... do whatever he liked, and then... wake up. None of it existed. Even if she woke up and sliced off his penis and fed it to a Terrible Terror, it wouldn't matter, because...

\_He could just wake up. \_

\_\*\*...\*\*  
><em>

#### 4. Part IV: Romancing the Stone

\*\*A/N: Have another.\*\*

\*\*Yes, this chapter involves creative uses of a sleeping chick. You've been warned. Don't come crying to me if you're OFFENDED. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>How to Fix An Axe Wound with a Knife Handle  
<strong>

\*\*(and Other Tricks You Should Know)\*\*

\_\*\*Part IV: Romancing the Stone\*\*\_

Hiccup found himself smiling shyly, his innards getting all fluttery, writhing into knots. His heart seemed to be beating harder, and he could certainly feel it in more than one place as his blood began to throb passionately through him.

This was nothing but an incredible dream. Astrid laid out just for him... The idea was terrifying. Intoxicating.

So... was he going to \_do\_ something then? Actually... do it? After all, it wasn't really every day he got bonked on the head and had an... opportunity like this. For a dream, it seemed so real.

So...visceral. But...

He squirmed, unable to ignore the twinge of something tender tucked between his thighs. Oh, he didn't know... Wouldn't it be kind of...? He still sort of felt guilty about just alleviating the pressure on his own, but this...? This was...

But... it \_would \_be kind of a waste of a dream if he just laid here on the floor until he woke up, right? Something like taking an oath of sobriety during your eternity in Valhalla.

While he was still knocked out, he might as well give it a shot...right?

Hiccup flopped back onto his back, noting with interest that his body certainly seemed more than ready for another round. In fact, he felt stronger this time. Like he might be able to get up and pull himself onto the bed at least, even with his greedy, bloodsucking prick ascending with new fervor up over his belly, seeming somehow almost longer and harder than before.

Maybe it was the idea of \_really \_being able to do it. \_Really \_being able to touch her, hold her... \_Really \_slipping inside her, \_adoring\_ her from the insides out...

No! No, no, \_not REALLY! \_That was the beauty of it. Nothing to think about. Nothing to worry about. All of it was an illusion. Because he would never consider it... if it was REALLY. If it wasn't a dream he would wake up from. If he thought it would really hurt Astrid... or... be something she didn't want.

Never.

He...loved her. He did. And this... Gods, these agonizing \_feelings \_were just an unfortunate visceral side effect... But they were so difficult to resist. They were a part of him. That well-hidden crazy wild-animal part ever-clawing to rip free.

He clenched his fingers into his soft belly, his mouth as twisted as his insides. He yearned for her like he was starving and she was hot bread.

He swallowed hard.

Should he... \_really...?\_

His prick twinged, aching in agonizing excitement.

\_Yes! Of course, yes! Yes, yes, yes, what are you still lying here for? \_SHE! ASTRID!\_ She's over there waiting! At this rate, with your luck, you're going to wake up before anything happens! \_

Hiccup tugged himself clumsily up to sit, thoughtfully stroking the enthusiastic appendage.

He didn't know why he was so scared. This was only a dream, right? The Astrid he knew didn't just lay around in people's houses pantsless, did she? Not...that he knew of at least... Ah, no. It didn't seem likely...

But as exhilarated and excited as he was, he was terrified too.

He swallowed three deep, noisy breaths, trying to prepare himself.

He was going to do it. He was going to get up and... he was going to do it.

â€|yeah. â€|Yeah!

His entire body trembling lightly, he used the edge of the bed to pull himself to his feet, struggling to steady himself on watery knees. It took some puffing, but he managed to get it on his own, pushing Toothless' musing face away with a new, brazen sort of determination.

The dragon blinked, his giant eyes glistening with gentle surprise. Hiccup clenched his fingers against the hot scales and gave Toothless the smallest, palest, nervous little smile.

Then he began to take the short, shaky walk around to the other side of the bed. Toothless followed a few steps, but finally stopped to watch at a sort of respectful distance, as if he sensed that some new secret human thing was about to happen. He was loathe to interfere.

Hiccup pushed the beast out of his mind, long since consigning himself to the knowledge that as long as the dragon was awake, those wide, friendly green eyes would always be watching, no matter what he did. Even this. Even in his dreams. Toothless was a part of him. It was like asking his fingers to stay away from his hands or his tongue to keep out of his mouth. Impossible.

And honestly... it was comforting. Because if he screwed up...

He forced himself to take another deep swallow of air. This. Was. A. Dream. So what? She might not even stay solid. Maybe the moment he touched her, she'd turn into a Zippleback and tear him into two sentient pieces and gobble him up.

That would be his luck.

He smiled a little stronger though, carefully stroking his excited shaft. It was comforting, to relax into this fantasy. To accept that anything could happen, and it would still amount to nothing at all... eventually he had to wake up, right?

Right.

And soon enough, he rounded the last corner of the bed and found himself standing, trembling, over Astrid's supine form.

There she was.

She was...so \_gorgeous\_.

He looked at her. \_Really\_ looked at her, without fear of her seeing him stare. Her mass. Her... outlines. Her improbably perfect, lithe shape. Her hair. Her \_skin\_. \_So much\_ bare smooth skin, all a bright ruddy color like the rare flowers with enough brash fortitude to show



their faces before Berk's frosts destroyed them.

And then there was that...mystery between her legs. It was... pretty, in a...really weird sort of way. He found himself leaning in and squinting a little, mostly because he couldn't quite figure it out. It was... sort of a... fold. With wet pink stuff sort of hanging out. All of it partly obscured by yellow fuzz in the same sort of seductive manner that Astrid's bangs hid her left eye.

He frowned a little. He guessed it was sort of like the drawings he'd seen, but...

He looked down at the stiff, pulsing thing in his hand, and then back up at the damp pink crease, wondering how this... was supposed to work. It didn't look like a... hole. That something could go into. Not like he thought it would.

Regardless, his prick twinged with a powerful hunger, clearly knowing something he didn't, and he could feel his temples throbbing hot with blood as he flushed with helpless desire.

He had to try.   

His heart thrumming with terror and excitement, he made to climb up on top of herâ€" but then he paused.

He swallowed hard. He still had just enough doubt...

Carefully, he tugged the edge of his shirt over his extra appendage, trying to hide it, but it bobbed up and down with his pulse and drooled through the fabric like a captured animal. He grimaced. He tried to put his arm in a position that sort of blocked the bulge without looking super awkward. But he was pretty sure it wasn't normal to just stand around with your elbow sort of pressed into your stomach...

He bit his lip. Gods, this wild, brutish, barely subdued part of him just wanted to climb on top and... go.   

He didn't. Not yet. Instead, he hesitantly reached out and touched Astrid's bare thigh.

...Oh!

Well, she didn't turn into a Zippleback, at least...

She was warm. Oh wow... She was warm and downy-soft and smooth, covered in lean, sturdy muscle...

He realized he'd been standing there just kind of stroking her knee for the past few minutes.

He made himself stop, curling his fingers gently into her thigh.

He swallowed hard, and gave her a little shake.

"...Um...Astrid?" he whispered.

Her face fell to the side a little from the gentle shaking, but she didn't respond. The corners of her mouth tensed as she laughed

somewhere deep in her dreams.

He jostled her again, a little more firmly.

"Astrid," he spoke a little louder. "Are... you going to wake up?"

Her brow tensed a little and she sighed softly, but no other response.

Hiccup's mouth twisted. He had to be sure.

"Astrid!" He called, a little too-loudly, wincing.

No answer. Not even a twitch.

Astrid was dead asleep.

She had mentioned something once about being a pretty deep sleeper, especially after a good training session. Maybe she was right.

Hiccup hoped so.

She was... so much less scary when she was asleep. Her taut, dangerous muscles had fallen limp, and her lethal fists had dissolved into open, accepting hands, exposing astonishingly delicate, if callused, slim fingers and tiny nails.

He knew Astrid was bigger and stronger than he was. She could manipulate him like a toy or crush him like a bug.

But not when she was like this. Not now. Now she was like a tamed dragon, floppy and begging for affection and scratches...

Hiccup smiled shyly, his heart fluttering.

He was in charge.

Trembling like a leaf, he made himself do it. He carefully, reverently crawled on top of her, feeling like a tiny insect ascending some sacred mountain. His arms shook in exhilaration and terror as he suspended himself over her, figuring he should try to give her a little space...

His knee slipped out from under him, and he fell face-first into her breasts.

"Mmph!"

He tensed in shock, his prick giving such an excited twitch that he thought he could actually hear it tap against the wooden mattress.

He scrambled about for a moment in a panic, trying to find someplace to put his hands and push himself offâ€" but then he realized that Astrid was still, somehow, fast asleep.

Or at least, she wasn't shrieking and trying to kill him...

This really \_was\_ a dream.

He sighed, trying to calm down, his nose pressed snugly against her sternum, his breath beating back warm onto his face. She was so... \_soft\_ against his cheeks... and she sort of smelled like clean sweat and chicken grease and rosemary.

He smiled a tiny, muffled smile. This \_was\_ sort of... nice. Just lying here... his warm soft belly pressed tight to her warm soft belly so her strong steady heartbeat and slow breaths seemed to vibrate through his own sensitive, powerless insides, seducing them to follow in the same peaceful rhythm. He'd pictured this scenario in his mind's eye so many times, but he'd never thought about \_this\_. The profound \_closeness\_. \_Like riding a dragon...but almost better. She was his own kind.

It was wonderful. \_Wonderful. \_

But his body ached for \_more\_. His blood was thrumming and throbbing with an electric, animal energy, and he could barely restrain himself from just sort of bucking away at the blankets between her legs just to get some friction against his impatient prick. He resurfaced from her chest with a deep inhale, his slender limbs trembling as he eagerly, clumsily started to try to drag himself closer up against her body, gently nudging her legs wider open with his knees and thighs to give him space to position himself between.

"Here we go, here we go..." he breathed, shuddering in ecstasy as he climbed higher and felt something \_warm\_ and \_damp\_ and \_soft\_ pressing against his very tip.

"Astrid, I'm gonna..." he puffed down on her sleeping face, her hair fluttering gently on his breaths. "Oh, Astrid, I-I just..."

He didn't know what to say. It was a dream, so he guessed it didn't really matter. He dipped in and stole a clumsy kiss instead, almost bruising his nose on hers with his zeal, greedily savoring that elusive, plump lower lip he'd only ever had teasing brushes with...

And further back, his skinny rear end rose up, hovering poised and ready until he could hold back no longer.

He \_thrust\_.

He thrust... and skidded straight over the top of her slick cunny, getting stuck under the waistband of her skirt.

Hiccup blinked, gently pulling away from the kiss and wriggling his behind, trying to figure out what went wrong... But it \_did\_ feel kind of \_good\_, \_to be snugly folded in between that smooth, blood-warmed leather band and her hot skin... Experimentally, he stroked his length up and down against her silky tummy a few times, feeling her soft flesh give pleasantly and cradle his prick. It was... nice. Nice and \_snug\_. Oh... He quickly got a bit carried away, wheezing a little as he started to slip in and out of that nice narrow groove just a \_little\_ faster, a \_little\_ harder... Ah...

For someplace he'd landed by accident, it certainly wasn't so bad. Sure, he was eager to move on and try to do Astrid proper, and he\_

would... in a minute. But he just needed to... he'd get bored and pull out... in just a second... maybe...

Astrid's tummy shuddered oddly underneath him. He felt hot puffs of her breath beat a sudden tattoo on his cheek.

"Uhâ€!" He hastily squinted up at her, with this sinking feeling that he would have to stop...

But Astrid was still asleep.

Fast asleep, and puffing with silent little chuckles every time he slid himself down her belly, sleepily biting her lip as her pretty mouth twisted and parted with helpless little smiles.

She was... laughing. Laughing at \_him\_! Heâ€! Was heâ€?

Hiccup propped himself up on his elbows, his face flushing sheepishly as he peered back at hers. Watching intently, he realized she was laughing in time with the steady downward strokes of his pelvis. He was...

"Astrid... does that...\_tickle\_?" His mouth twisted into a hesitant, goofy grin, blood pounding roughly in his cheeks. Curiosity overcame him, enough that he managed to force himself to slow his steady rhythm and instead sink against her in one excruciatingly long, slow, deep stroke that made him bite his lip in longing.

His heart fluttered as he watched the corners of her mouth twitch, her lips parting with quiet breaths of glee.

He was... doing that to her! The idea of it... That he was touching her, and even across the void into her realm of deep sleep she could \_feel\_ him... Oh, it melted his heart.

Hiccup laughed a little himself, mouth twisting as he drew to a complete, almost unbearable stop, feeling his prick pulsing in aggravated excitement tucked between his belly and hers. "That's... not quite... right, is it?" he remarked, squirming impatiently. "I... missed."

"H-here, I'll..." Puffing a little, he hunched up his behind and pulled himself back out into the cold airâ€ the exact opposite of what his body wanted, which he noted with a bit lip as his handle shook with an angry, agonizing throb. "I-I'll figure it out, here..."

He wriggled himself back a little and sort of felt around for the fire with the tip of his poker, a process made rather difficult considering he was so hot and bothered by now that he would impulsively buck forward anytime he felt something kind of wet settle around his tip.

\_Thrust. \_Skidding over her thigh.

\_Thrust. \_Sliding over the top again.

\_Thrust. \_Slipping... \_down? \_

Astrid shook with silent chuckles.

\_Thrust. \_Down again...

\_Thrust. \_Down \_again\_, but this time the topside of his shaft was being cradled in this gooey, steaming hot sort of \_groove\_. The angle was wrongâ€" he could tell by the light smarting in the base of his penis, but... \_pound, pound, pound\_. \_He figured he was stuck wrongways in that \_fold\_. But it wasn't so bad, really, \_pound, pound... \_

\_Pound, pound, \_THOCK!

His eyes teared up almost instantly.

Oh,\_ PAIN! That...was \_PAIN\_!

One too-enthusiastic \_thrust, \_and he had slipped straight on through and jammed right into the wooden bed.

"\_Ow...\_" he wheezed, instantly reaching back his hand to soothe his poor tweaked erection, giving it a few gentle strokes...

Hiccup could've kicked himself when he realized how stupid he'd been. He'd been thinking more with his body than his brain, sure, but this was practically unforgivable. When he was pounding something hot against an anvil, he didn't hold the hammer with his \_pelvis\_, did he? He figured he might have \_slightly\_ better luck now that he had his hand wrapped around hisshaft, actually \_aiming \_it someplace.

He smiled a determined little smile, giving his length a few more strokes to smooth out the worst of the sting and hunching up his behind, ready to try again.

Gently, he guided the exposed head of his prick down to touch something slimy and warm, then slid it lower, gliding up and down over something breathtakingly slick as he slowly prodded around for a place to enter.

Astrid's mouth twisted, and she was laughing again, this time almost audibly.

Hiccup's lips writhed in a tiny smile hijacked by incredible pleasure. Just the feel of her almost-insides \_licking\_ the tip of him, \_kissing \_around his headâ€"! G\_ods\_â€"! He rested his cheek on her chest, biting his lip in bliss as he distracted himself a little, letting himself slide up and down along her nice, slick slit...

"Ah...Ha! Hahaha!"

Hiccup stiffened in shock, squinting up to check if Astrid was still asleep. She seemed to be... but apparently she really was sensitive down there, because she was laughing out loud and even squirming a little underneath him now, her underside twinging in a ticklish sort of way against his prick.

"Do you... \_like\_ that too? Ahahâ€"! Hiccup panted a little in relief, and welcomed the sensation of her sleepy reaction as he explored the outlines of her hungry little \_dent...

He found a little slippery \_hole\_, and squished the tip of himself snugly against it... Gods, was this... He prodded. Was this...\_it?\_ He squirmed a little, feeling it stretch and twinge a little against himâ€" something Astrid seemed to find helplessly ticklish, if her intermittent little cackles were any indication. It was so... \_tight!\_ \_Gods, should heâ€"?

He was a bit too far gone to consider being civilized anymore. \_This was it!\_ \_He wheezed excitedly, panting hardâ€" it was all he could do to keep his trembling hips from pounding away right then and there. Gently, agonizingly slowly, he started to \_push himself IN... \_

He hissed. Gods, it was \_hot. \_Hot \_inside. \_

He was... he was \_insideâ€"! \_

Well...

Sort of.

He wriggled in confusion. He'd managed to get about the first tantalizing inch or two \_in\_, and then... stopped. It just... Well, it just... wouldn't... ergh... \_go... deeper... \_

Carefully keeping himself tucked inside, he slid out a little, and then pushed back \_in...

Why wasn't this \_working\_?

Briefly he wondered if he was just... too big, maybe?

Ahah. No. That was stupid.

Even for his dream, that was stupid. It was probably just some... minor technical... thing... and he could figure it out... if... he just...

He wriggled and twitched inside her like a yak's foot stuck in a Terror's burrow, and as he focused exasperatedly at the task at hand, rattling her with experimental little pounds and twists, he barely noticed that she was laughing loudly, helplessly, now, at every movement.

That is, until she stopped, falling completely dead silent.

Hiccup felt her hands clench on his back.

\_Uh oh...\_

He froze, horrified.

Astrid yawned.

Her sharp, brilliant blue eyes blinked blearily open, and she squinted up at him with a sleepy, baffled little frown.

"Hiccup..?" she mumbled. "What are you doing?"

\*\*...\*\*

## 5. Part V: Fixing an Axe Wound

**\*\*A/N: Wow, that took like... two years. Whoops. I was trying really hard to get the characters semi-right. Don't think it worked. OH WELL. HOPEFULLY IT'S FUN ANYWAY\*\***

**\*\*How to Fix An Axe Wound with a Knife Handle \*\***

**\*\*(and Other Tricks You Should Know)\*\***

**\_\*\*Part V:Fixing an Axe Wound with a Knife Handle\*\*\_**

Hiccup opened his mouth, waiting for a clever explanation to start spilling out.

"D'ahhh..."

He cast a glance at Toothless, who sat watching from the other side of the bed. The dragon could only offer a small puff, his ears twitching backward hesitantly. Toothless didn't know what to do not with a pair of mating humans. Was there something wrong or not? Would the humans be angry if he pulled one of them away?

Unfortunately he wouldn't be much help.

Stalling, Hiccup forced himself to laugh. Hard. Hysterically.

"Hahahaâ€"AHA!â€" What am... I... doing here? What am I..." He saw her eyes lower and her brow furrow a little as she slowly gained awareness. \_Gods...! \_"W-well! Uh! Funny story! Haha. See, I was... I was just walking, you know, minding my own business, and my leg slipped I guess and, wellâ€" I...\_fell\_"

Astrid frowned blearily. "Oh... you... You \_fell\_"

"Uh... Uh-huh!" he babbled. "Iâ€" fell. Just. Right...on top, here...Like this."

She squirmed a little underneath him. "Something's \_poking\_ me," she murmured.

"Ah... Oh?"

Hiccup wanted to die.

She frowned, wriggling her hips. "What...\_is \_that\_" she asked, curiously.

"What isâ€" Nothing!"

She blinked. "There is definitely... a thing.\_" \_

Hiccup winced. It WASdefinitely a thing. A \_stubborn\_ thing, still ever-so-helpfullyjutting out long and hard like the spine of an agitated Nadder, throbbing gently away like a sore thumb.

Desperately he forced himself to think abrasive, horrifying thoughts. Snow being stuffed down his crotch. Gobber's armpits. Terrible Terrors toothlessly tearing off his erection. Fresh dung. Yak vomit. His pants being lit on fire. A week's worth of porridge stuck in Stoick's beard. Three full swallows of milk before realizing it was rotten...

\_Mildew's bare butt! \_

None of it worked. It prevailed, like the mast of a single ship returning from a glorious battle.

Why did he have to be born a Viking of all creatures? Why did he just \_happen\_ to be the culmination of seven stubborn generations of breeding stock, all of whom had apparently managed to keep it up long enough to procreate even as terrifying raids shrieked outside and dragons burnt down the roofs over their bedrooms?

"Oh...\_that\_! That..." Hiccup was forced to scramble lamely for an explanation. "That, that is...my knife! Theâ€" ah, handle, I mean. I've been keeping it on my beltâ€" for, you know, \_whittling\_â€"!"

He happened to be looking her right in the eye as his knife handle chose that exact moment to twitch with a particularly impatient \_throb\_.

They both knew that knives didn't just move on their own.

Astrid's eyes widened a little with realization.

"Hiccup... Is that your...?"

The word dropped into a long, awkward, empty silence. He stared and trembled and his ears flushed bright red, but even his sharp tongue had abandoned him now.

She stared back, face vacant as she took in what was happening lower on her body.

"Oh, Thundering Thor...! Youâ€" you're trying toâ€" \_jam it in!\_"

She had such a charming way with words.

It was a statement, not a question. Hiccup loved her for that. He had no answers. His insides had melted into a useless white-hot slurry, and he could even feel tears appearing at the corners of his eyes from sheer abject horror and worryâ€" Gods, if he had hurt her, or...

"Astridâ€" Oh, Astridâ€" Iâ€" Gods! I'm notâ€"! I-I didn't meanâ€"!"

He tried to escape, struggling to push off of her as if he could somehow redeem himself by getting away as far as possibleâ€" maybe he'd shut himself inside Toothless' jaws and just... beg the beast to swallow and swallow until there was nothing left of him... but Astrid easily held him fast, her fingertips digging into his back so hard he could almost feel her nails through his heavy clothes.



"You \_are\_!...Flickering... Flowering Freya! Youâ€" you really are! Godsâ€" \_Hiccup!\_"

He shrank instead, trying to melt and disappear into her and succeeding only in sort of hiding in her breasts and behind his hands.

"Odin!" he wheezed in horror. "Ohhhhh, Odin! Thisâ€" this\_ isn't\_ a dream, is itâ€" !?"

She gave him a blank, concerned look. "A... \_dream\_? You... you thought this was aâ€"!"

"I thought it was a dream!" he finished. "I swear I thought I was dreaming! I swear, oh, gods, Astridâ€"! Thorâ€"!"

"\_You thoughtâ€"!?"\_"

"Well! It's justâ€" Youâ€" you didn't have any... \_pants\_ on!" he blurted.

She blinked once more in deeper realization, her ears flushing a little red.

"So," she continued, slowly. "You... really \_thought\_ you were DREAMINGâ€" \_because Iâ€"\_"\_

He peeked above his anguished hands at her. "Iâ€" I'm so sorry, Astrid..." he croaked. "...You were just..." He buried his face in his hands, muffling himself. "I just didn't think I would ever... find you like... um, this... if I was awake, and..."

She squinted at him carefully, her shaky hand shifting a little on his trembling back. "So...Um... This kind of thing is something you dream about...a lot, then?" she asked, with genuine curiosity.

He gave another halfhearted attempt to pull himself off of her, but he was stuck. "Astrid..." he pleaded.

She raised an eyebrow. "Is it...?"

"Astrid, come on..."

"I'm just curious."

He narrowed his eyes a little, utilizing the shred of dignity he had left. "Is...laying around without your pantson in someone else's bed something you do a lot?" he countered.

She blinked.

"I'm just curious..." he continued, innocently.

She glared. "This... \_this\_ was an \_accident\_, " she snapped.

"Uh, how do you \_accidentallyâ€"?" \_

Her eyes narrowed back, challenging.

"I \_fell\_."

Hiccup accepted defeat, all but a distinctive, hungry, still-throbbing part of him going limp against her.

"So...whatever you want to do to me, I probably deserve it," he murmured into her chest.

She easily pulled him up by the shoulders, forcing him to look back at her. "Excuse me?"

He met her eye cautiously. "You know! Hit me, kick me, strangle meâ€" I'm sure you can think of somethingâ€"

"Why?"

His face was burning. "Forâ€" you know... \_this." \_

She blinked, raising her eyebrows a little. "This \_is \_pretty stupid," she agreed. "Didn't you think Iâ€"?"

"No," he moaned. "It... it was a dream! I wasn't thinking at all!" A terrible thought hit him, and he squirmed, trying to at least move his pelvis away from her. "Oh gods, Astridâ€" Are you okay, though? Did Iâ€" did I hurt you? I mean, it didn't reallyâ€" \_go in\_, butâ€" if Iâ€"!"

"Hey!" she barked, looping her powerful leg around his thighs and pinning him in place. "Do you really think \_you\_ could hurt \_me\_?"

"Wellâ€"! I don't know, Iâ€" I meanâ€"

"Well, actually," she confessed, wriggling a little. "It does feel kind of \_weird\_..."

"Oh gods! Astridâ€"! Iâ€"!"

"It's the... angle, I think!" she remarked. "It's...\_stupid\_..." She blinked, interestedly peering up at him. "Is it really \_that\_ hard to... um...?"

Hiccup paused, trying for a moment to form sounds, squirming a little as he tried to assess the situation. "...Iâ€" That's not...right?"

Astrid gave him a look.

It wasn't right.

Hiccup was mortified. "I...I was wondering why it wouldn't go \_in...\_" he mumbled softly. He felt like he was suffocating behind the hot blood flushing in his cheeks. "I guess I just thought, well... maybe it was because you were still... Um..."

"Still \_what...?" \_

"...Uh, well..." His pupils darted away.

She blinked in realization. "Oh! OH! Oh, ohh! No! Noooo! I meanâ€" I don't \_think\_â€" "

She watched with great curiosity as some obscure, hopeful part of him seemed to wilt, right before her eyes. Hastily, she turned her face from his terrified gaze and amended, "I mean...I've...put \_stuff\_ in there before. Nothing...\_real\_," Even her ears were bright red, but she watched with great relief as Hiccup seemed to perk up again. "Just...stuff."

"...Oh... Uh...stuff..."

Astrid didn't really want to elaborate, but he looked so baffled. Her lips tightened. "Um. F-fingers. Handles, justâ€" stuff, okay?" She squirmed a little, uncomfortable. "I-I just wanted to feel what it would be...\_like\_."

Hiccup blinked. For some reason he'd never thought... never imagined that a \_girl\_ \_might\_ want to...

She punched him across the shoulder. "Don't look at me like that! It's not like I can justâ€" grab it and \_jerk\_ it\_, like you!"

He stared. "I-I guess not."

She turned her head away again, trying to be expressionless, her eyelids heavy. "But, yeah... I... I've never even \_seen\_ \_a\_ \_real\_ \_one\_." \_

She knew she was feeling one now, for the first time in her life... Well...sort of. It was jabbing her weird, but it \_was\_ \_sort\_ of a fantastic mystery. Some part of \_him\_, \_something\_ stiff and warm and hungrily twitching, filled with his fluttery heartbeat, nestled awkwardly between their bodies...

She peered back at him, lips tensing. "I hear they're really ugly."

He glanced downward and then back up, squirming uncomfortably. "You heard right."

To his bafflement, she let her arms fall loose and unwrapped him, inviting him to move. "Get off and show it to me."

He clung to her. "Whaâ€"? Whoa, whoa, whoa, waitâ€" He'd been fighting to get free the entire time, but now that she'd released him, he realized didn't want to go. Not if she was going to... gawk.

Her hands tensed on his shoulders, threatening to push him up. Hiccup knew she could force him, easily, if she wanted to, but she didn't.

"You can look at mine," she offered.

He bit his lip. "I-I \_saw\_ yours," he muttered. "You were asleep."

She tilted her head. "So then you owe me, don't you?"

"...You're right," he admitted.

He didn't move.

"Hiccup."

"It's just he's... busy!" he stammered, matter-of-factly. "He thinks he's, um... fulfilling his life's purpose, and I can't just deny him that"

She raised her eyebrows, squeezing his shoulders. "Hiccup."

He sighed.

It... was only fair.

He let go of her. "...Okay. Okay. All right. Just don't...ah..."

Hiccup could hear Toothless yawp curiously from the other side of the room as he started to wriggle his way off of Astrid, who jumped a little in surprise.

She blinked. "Oh! Toothless..." She tensed, glancing nervously at the dragon.

Hiccup sighed. "Sorry, he... He's just...fascinated with us. I can't get him to" He started to push himself up off of the girl, but paused, hearing the dragon make a curt grunt.

He looked up at the beast. Toothless' ears were pressed back, his head cocked a bit in bafflement. The dragon huffed again, and dipped his head a couple times in a stern gesture.

"...What, Bud? I don't..." Hiccup started pushing himself up again.

Toothless \_hmph\_ed again at this, his eyes narrow.

Hiccup blinked. He looked back down at Astrid. "I don't think... he wants me to get off."

That was a relief.

"Maybe I should just stay here and"

Astrid grabbed him by the shoulders and shoved him off, shooting Toothless a pointed glance.

"He doesn't need your \_help\_ right now!" she snapped.

Toothless stiffened, but finally relented, grumbling grumpily.

Hiccup bit his lip. At least he could count on Toothless to try to look out for him.

Sighing and shivering a little, Hiccup flopped himself backwards to sit. Gods, the cold air and deprivation were agonizing on his poor prick" he self-consciously hunched over and pulled his shirt down over it before anyone could see, though this still left a curious wet bump in the middle of his belly, bobbing and twitching

irritably.

Astrid sat up, too, hastily pressing her knees together and smoothing down her skirt, leaning in with great interest. Before Hiccup could stop her, she reached hesitantly and prodded the wet, affection-hungry bulge in his shirt.

"Wow..." she murmured softly in awe, feeling something curiously hot and very hard throbbing and twitching against her fingers.

"Hey, Iâ€" wouldn't really... \_touch\_ itâ€" he choked, wrapping her wrist carefully in his hand and gently tugging it away. "It's... ah, kind of... Well. \_Explosive...\_"

"...\_Explosive\_?" She blinked up at him in amazement, but he dodged her gaze.

He shut his eyes and forced out a thin, terrified sigh. "I mean," he mumbled quietly, "I-it might... Well, trust me, it's... um, pretty gross."

He bit his lip, trying hard not to imagine her face and chest splattered in a warm, sticky mess...

"Oh..." She stared curiously, but this tidbit seemed to intrigue her more than dissuade her. Her pretty fingertips stretched out, eagerly tracing the hem of his tunic. "Well?"

He let his trembling hands relax and sink down to the bed as he shut his eyes tight. "Uh, here..." He slipped his hand underneath his shirt, wrapped his fingers around his length, and tugged the attention-hungry thing out into the open, wincing as it twinged at the touch of the cool airâ€" the cool air and the nearly visceral sensation of Astrid's curious gaze. He slowly stroked it, trying to keep it soothed and sated without getting it too excited.

She gently yet firmly took him by the wrist. "Come on..."

He exhaled tremblingly and let her pull his hand away, leaving him cold, achingly erect and exposed like a mast bobbing away at sea.

For a while, there was silence. Her warm breath puffing into the close quarters between them made him shiver, but he couldn't make himself open his eyes and... watch her \_look. \_

"Wow," she said, finally.

"...Wow?" He dared part an eyelid to squint worriedly at her. "What does... wow... uh, meanâ€"?"

She squeezed his wrist, considering a moment before she blinked back up at him. "It means \_wow\_."

"I.. I just..." He shut his eyes to dodge her gaze. "I mean, I know I'm not really... uh, \_equippedâ€" \_er, \_hung\_, like aâ€" well, like aâ€" aâ€" yak or anythingâ€" "

"Last time I checked, \_neither\_ of us were yaks," Astrid pointed out.

"Wellâ€" yeah, butâ€"

"Were you planning to stick it in a yak?" Her eyes narrowed in that way she had.

The squiggle on his face managed to arrange itself to be somewhat smile-shaped. "Not particularly," he managed, truthfully.

She smiled shyly too. Then she blinked back down at the device.

She couldn't help it. It was just so... weird and wonderful, the way it just jabbed upward out of his thin pelvis, exactly like the handle of a handsome knife buried deep in his poor insides.

"So it just... \_pops up \_like that?"

She knew it did, but the idea was just so... out there. What would it be like to have an appendage that just sort of appeared and disappeared as it pleased?

"Well...yeah..." he mumbled, nervously stroking it again. It was aching a bit now, but for some uncanny reason still refused to go even a little limp after all this, as if he was trying to make his best impression now that somebody else could see him. "It'd get in the way if it was like this all the time... And my pants wouldn't fit..."

Astrid watched him for a moment as he slid his fingers over its handsome curve in his practiced way, his foreskin alternately swallowing and stretching away from the rounded pink tip underneath. His prick had an odd, if bizarrely attractive shape to it, like an obscure tool he'd brought from the workshop, built for an extremely specific purpose. Thick, longish and curved, with a gentle swell towards the bulging head. It reminded her uncannily of the way Hiccup himself would throw out his chest when he was trying to make his frame look somewhat impressive.

She grabbed his wrist again. "You keep touching it."

"It..I can'tâ€" NOT touch it," he managed, even as he reluctantly let her pull him away again, exposing the light sprinkling of freckles that meandered down from his speckled belly, through a little region of sparse, wiry fuzz, and on out over the topside of his shaft.

She eyed him curiously. "I thought you said I couldn'tâ€"

"â€"It's \_OKAY\_ if \_I \_touch it," he explained matter-of-factly. "But if \_someone else\_â€" He blinked, watching her hand very closely as it hovered into the space between them. "â€" what are you doing?"

She paused only momentarily, blinking up at him. "I'll be careful."

"What do you meaâ€" Oh! Ohhh... \_Astrid... Um... Maybe you shouldn'tâ€" N'yaaaaghâ€"! "

â€"He was actually \_awake, \_right? They'd established he \_wasn't\_ dreaming?

Hiccup wasn't sure anymore. All he knew was that in some hazy corner of some blessed reality, Astrid had wrapped her smooth cold fingers snugly around his prick and sort of slid them down, and now his limbs were functionally useless and his voice had stopped working and his chest was fluttery and breathless, as if a bunch of baby Gronckles trapped inside him were trying to grind his ribs to a fine powder with their tiny wings.

He must've been making an odd face, because Astrid gave him a curious look. "Does that hurt?"

He tried to make his mouth work. "Ha...hurt? N-no..."

The corners of Astrid's lips twitched as she hesitantly felt over this strange thing, running her fingertips along his smooth, velvety length. He was so HOT in her hand. She couldn't believe how hotâ€"hot, and curiously, pleasant-to-touchably HARD. Hard-ish and hand-filling like the handle of a weapon wrapped in soft new leather, yet throbbing with a strange vitality, sort of like his prick was an extension of his heart.

Swollen up tight with his blood. To think... Hiccup's blood, his everything, gathered up from deep within his dark warm insides, flowing out from between his long fingers and under his tongue and inside his twisted guts, all in this desperate craving to bridge the gap between his body and hers.

She stroked it, carefully, feeling Hiccup suck in a loud, sharp breath and sort of tense up, his toes curling up in his soft boot. He was trembling a little. She inched her other hand up hesitantly and slid a couple of her fingers into contact with his blanket-gripping fist.

"...Are you sure it doesn't hurt? Because you're..."

Hiccup took her hand without looking at it, squeezing tight. "It doesn't hurt..." he managed, his stomach muscles so tense to hold back what felt like a torrential flood of raw energy that he could barely breathe. "Just... be careful with meâ€" He squirmed uncomfortably. He wasn't sure he could last much longer, and if he couldn't, then... "I meanâ€" well, you should... probably st-stop... but..."

She looked up at him curiously. "Do you want me to stop?"

He made a sort of pleading, tight-lipped face for a long moment, and finally managed to crack the tiniest pained smile. "Astrid, this is...a really, really bad idea."

Her eyebrows raised thoughtfully. "That's funny. Because I can definitely think of a worse one."

Hiccup swallowed hard.

She smiled, eyelids heavy as she focused downward.

Oh, feeling him twinging curiously in her hand made her squirmâ€" she could barely sit still anymore. She'd been satisfied with phantoms for so long. She'd always made do on the mere concept of being

\_filled, \_the \_idea\_ of a hard, warm bit of boy \_sliding\_ himself deep inside... but now... She was touching him, and he was real, and warm, and hard, and perhaps most importantly, \_Hiccup\_. \_Hiccup\_ so close she could smell him and feel the heat rising off his lithe body.

What would it feel like...? Those hot smooth contours...

Gods, she wanted to feel it. She had to.

She heard Hiccup hiss through his teeth as she stroked him again, thoughtfully, and then she paused, lightly clutching his pulsing length.

"So... do you wanna...um..." It was incredibly difficult to say out loud. She took a deep breath and spat it out. "Do you want to... put it in?"

Hiccup tensed up. "Uh... \_What?\_"

Astrid's ears were already bright red as she gently released his penis and leaned towards him. "Do you want to... you know?" she repeated.

He blinked, baffled. "I... Wait. Astrid..."

Oh gods. Oh gods.

Astrid's mouth and insides twisted alike, but she realized, to her own amazement, that she was quite serious. Serious enough not to balk away like her rational part knew she should. Serious enough to look him in the eye and say it honestly and openly even as she trembled with a sort of eager terror.

She really did want itâ€" \_him\_. \_It\_ actually surprised her. Maybe she'd gone crazy, but in that moment she couldn't think of anything she wanted more.

She cleared her throat, glancing at him with the palest sort-of smile. "H-hiccup, if you want to... If you want to do it, let's do it."

His lips squeezed tight as he reclaimed his poor hungry prick, fumbling to hide it just as it eagerly drooled out a plug of something pungent, syrupy and clear into the folds of his fingers, unable to look her in the eye. "Eeeâ€"IIIâ€" uh, I don't think I'm, uh, hearing you correctlyâ€"

She took his shoulder. "You are."

Shuddering, he made himself look up at her, nervously plunging his thumb in and out of the juice-slickened fist in his lap.

She seemed like she meant it. Gods. His mouth twisted.

"Astrid," he managed carefully, hesitantly leaning in. "You... you really don't have to do \_this...\_ for \_me\_."

She smiled. "But I \_want \_to," she reasoned, tugging his arm as she leaned backward onto the bed. "For \_me." \_



He swallowed hard.

"Oh. Well, Iâ€" aaaahOOFâ€"!" was all he seemed to be able to manage before she gently yet firmly dragged him back on top of her, his body all elated, exhilarated shivers as he felt her strong arms wrapping him close. He managed to raise his head up, his heart giving an odd jump as he looked down from on top of her into her eyes.

He was trembling uncontrollably, biting his lip. Gods, could she feel his hungry prick throbbing like that? Held against her awake aware body like this, he was so excited, so starved for friction that he thought he might end up thrusting away with abandon at the first gap or nook he could find if he wasn't careful.

It was all he could do to keep his trembling hips still as he peered down at her nervously, but he had to be sure. "A-Astrid..." he managed. "You- you really want me toâ€"? Y-you're not... worried?"

"Worried?" she repeated curiously.

He gasped a little as she drew her knees up on either side of him, sort of funneling him into her center. Ahhhgh, gods!

"Yeaâ€" worried! Weâ€"I haven't reallyâ€"done it beforeâ€" and, uhâ€"

"It's okay," she insisted, gripping his shoulders. "It'll be okay. All right?"

"...I don't know!" he admitted.

"Just..." She squirmed a little against him. "Justâ€" I don't know, stick it in! Like last time. Except... better."

"Like last time... except... better..." he mumbled. He winced, but wriggled his hips thoughtfully. "Um. Uhhhh..." He took a gasp of air, almost choking on his spit. "Ga-! I don't..."

"â€"What?"

"Uh..." He trembled hard, his slippery tip bumping aimlessly against her. "...\_How\_?" He frowned, his face contorting a little as he reached back and fumbled clumsily with his bits.

Astrid squirmed impatiently. "Do you really notâ€"?" She looked up at him.

She'd seen calmer looks on Terrible Terrors that had died of fear.

"â€" Well," With a grunt, she gave him a hefty shove sideways, "Hereâ€"

"What are you doâ€"ING!? Ackâ€"!" he protested as she pushed him off of her and proceeded to roll on top of him.

"\_Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoaâ€"! Can you DO this? I don't think you can DO thisâ€" Ohhhh, you're justâ€" going to do it anywayâ€" aren't

you?"

Astrid smiled grimly, patting his belly as she knelt back to straddle him as if he were some anxious little dragon. "It can't be \_that\_ hard, right?"

"Maybe..." he mumbled. He swallowed nervously, peering cautiously up at her. Gods, she was so beautiful. He could barely stand it. But could she really just...?

She wriggled carefully, her sweet breath shuddery, reaching back to take his throbbing member by the base and nudge it right up against her body. She made an effort to look down at him, already biting her lip as he shuddered against her. "â€" You ready?"

\_Ready\_? He was still trying to process that this was \_actually\_ happening. \_"Ahhhh..."\_ He bit his lip, twinging passionately as her underside kissed at him, and finally gave a little pleading nod.

"All right..." She wriggled back, somewhat awkwardly, he thought, and puuushed...

A false start. Her uncharacteristically shaky fingers slipped, and his length skidded along the inside of her crease as she accidentally bumped down to sit on top of his pelvis, tucking his penis snugly between her comfortable underside and his downy belly.

It wasn't altogether unpleasant, though.

He wheezed, a weak, almost relieved chuckle, though he couldn't resist an impatient wriggle against the hot silkiness snuggling him as his erection throbbed lividly. "See...?" he offered. "...Uh...Are you \_sure\_ it'll even, uh... go in? If you're... up thereâ€"?"

Not saying a word, the girl he'd pined for the majority of his life looked him directly in the eye, sort of glared at him, and tongue-between-her-teeth lifted up and tried again, puuushing against resistance until...

"I don't know ifâ€" MMMNNA...ahhhHAHAHhmmmm!" He let out a startled, helpless purr of bliss and sort of melted on the spot. She'd done it. Somehow she'd done it. She'd done it and their bodies had snapped together like matched parts to some huge hot throbbing machine, like they'd been made to do that all along. "Astridastridastrid! Oh, oh, oh, Aaaastrid, youâ€" ahah. Haaahhhh...!"

It was only by the mercy of some miracle- perhaps sheer terror itself- that he somehow managed not to go off joyfully, like an epileptic Scauldron, straight up into her tight belly right then and there.

"There," she breathed, simply, her smile distracted by the odd feeling of \_him\_ \_deep\_ inside of her. Her mouth curled, and she gasped a sort of laugh, squirming a little on top of him. "Hah.. You're so \_twitchy.\_"

His face was goofy with bliss. "Ahehâ€" I-I can't help it...It...feels \_good!\_ Ah-!" He bit his lip, wanting very badly to buck gleefully into her, but only just managing to keep it to an

impatient, twisting squirm. "Uh, is it... do you feel okay? Oh godsâ€" does it hurt?" He didn't know what it would be like to... to be impaled by someone else. Not that his short twingy toy-like penis was much of a deadly weapon...

She snorted, rocking her hips experimentally. "No, no!... It's very..." She could think of quite a few words that partway described it, but couldn't quite build a picture in words that really did it justice. Thick. Filling. Comfortable. Hot. Alive. Slippery. Ticklish...

He didn't let her finish. "...W-what...are you doing?" he gurgled, squinting blissfully up at her as she gently moved on top of him, electrifying his nerves.

"Oh, I'm just..." She hadn't even thought about itâ€" it had just seemed logical to start making some friction. "I'm just... feeling it. You." She found herself blushing hard. "Do you... Do you like that?"

Hiccup almost couldn't trust himself to speak much more, so tense and shuddery was he with trying not to explode, but he nodded, slowly at first, then at a more frantic tempo that seemed to describe it betterâ€" and then a passionate little twist he couldn't hold back fromâ€" a sudden little buck that made Astrid start and yelp with surprise.

"Sorry-!" he hissed, surprised at himself. "I'm sorry, I- Oh, gods, was thatâ€" ?"

"Do it again." She leaned in and bucked back against him eagerly.

"Oh, ahâ€"? That?" He was happy to.

"Yeahhhh," she purred, pushing back to accept him.

"...Really? Ohhh..." He squirmed, doing the best he could from underneath, managing a sort of clumsy, gentle jilling up into her, which she helped along by sort of bouncing against him, hissing through her teeth.

"That's niii-iice," she hissed, jarred a little as he moved.

"Yeah," he mumbled softly. "Yeah..." He found that this pushing up and falling back out of her was simultaneously mind-spinning and frustrating; he'd never felt anything so amazing in his life... but somehow his body was clamoring for more. He took her shoulders in an awkward grip, his mouth lolling open with his shaky gasps of longing. "Astriiid," he whined, not sure how to put what he needed from her into words. "I, ah..." He bucked a little faster, trying to scratch his itch; Astrid made a surprised chirp, trying to catch up with himâ€" and not quite succeeding. They jerked apart, and despite the way his penis bulged slightly thicker toward the head than the base, helping to lock inside her, it slipped loose of her with a strange popping sensation.

Hiccup winced as he felt flecks of liquid splash over his skin and his penis suddenly become so unbearably cold he was surprised it didn't wilt right there. "Ohhhhh..."

"Hiccup-" she panted, lifting herself and peering back. "Why'd you pull it out?"

He grimaced. Unpleasant wasn't even the word. "I didn't... pull it out," he grumbled. He bucked hopelessly a few times against the air in her general direction, almost too aroused to make himself stop, as if he would somehow be able to get it back in that way. "It... slipped."

"Well, put it back in!"

He blinked up at her, her enthusiasm filling him with a sort of electricity. He bucked once, futile, again, his hands tensing on her shoulders. "I will, just...!" He made to push her over, off of him.

She stared. "What are you doingâ€"?"

He gave her a sheepish look which dissolved into a determined one again as he gave her shoulder another almost frantic push. "Please? I want to be..."

She blinked in surprise at his eagerness, snorting. "You think you can find it this time?"

"I'll find it! I'll find it! Astriiiiid!" he moaned, giving another couple sad bucks and pushing uselessly at her.

She smiled a little, nervously, not all together comfortable with the idea of letting him take control. But she swallowed hard and finally obliged, grudgingly rolling over onto her back on the bed and her eyelid sort of twitching at how readily he scrambled to take his place over the top of her, his tiny clever half-sleeved hands curled into determined little fists on either side.

"If you don't find it, I'm getting back on top," she grumbled.

He took himself in his hand and looked up at her as he leaned in. "I'll find it! Geez!" There was no way he couldn't nowâ€" he had stretched her wide open, and her opening had flushed a gleaming bright red-pink. Triumphantly, trembling with urgency, he propped the head of his swollen prick against her entrance. "See?" A tremor of excitement ran through him. "I-I'm putting it back in now. All right?"

She bit her lip and nodded, just as eager to resume as he was. "Just go!"

He sucked in a breath as he pushed himself back inside. Back \_home. \_She was so snug and warm and slippery it was as if her cunny was trying to swallow him up. He shivered happily, his blood crackling electric and making his hairs stand on end. "Ohhh, Astrid, you're so..." He squirmed in delight, his insides melting; somehow he felt himself catapult up toward the point of no return and fall juuuust short again, the flipflopping of his nerves capturing him for just a moment in a thrumming, unstable equilibrium between elevating passion and debilitating anxiety.

In a blind, love-dizzy panic, he jammed his first clumsy thrust into

herâ€

"Ow!" she yipped, in both surprise and discomfort, but the look on her face was wonder and borderline amusement. She wrapped her forearms around his, gripping fiercely at him. "Hiccupâ€!"

He felt a tiny pang of guilt for a moment, but it was soon overcome by some secret, primal streak in him, and he jerked in again, hard, fascinated with the way it bounced her underneath him and made her squeak. His! All his!

She actually laughed at him, "â€ Ha! I know! I get it! You're on â€ top!" But he was too dizzy for it to make him anything other than happy. He was on top! Yes! He fancied that that was where he belonged. After all, he was a dragon rider, wasn't he?!

He pushed in again, biting his lip as her heat sucked the last feeling of cold from his member, and the exact boundary between his body and hers sort of blurred. "Ohhhhh, Astrid..." he gurgled. He started trying to speed up, mashing himself clumsily into her until he would lose his aim and almost slide out, pausing just long enough to feed himself back in, and pounding into her again for a few more strokes.

Astrid took it all with a deep curiosity as he worked, trying to bite back her urge to laugh for the sake of his pride as she was jarred enthusiastically, rhythmlessly and not altogether comfortably beneath him, but she was just so surprised. She'd never really seen him like this, and it was strange. Wonderful! A little scary, even.

Even Toothless' large pupils expanded in fascination, the dragon wetting his nose nervously with his tongue as he resisted the urge to touch the boy with his snout and see if he was okay. He knew Hiccup was happy. Just silly happy.

After the first few mishaps and lots of funny, fervent grunting, Hiccup gradually found his stride, and suddenly Astrid found herself being slowly inched over the bed by his not-quite-steady, quick poundingâ€ flashing in and out of her like he was trying to start a fireâ€ and it was sort of working!

"Ohhâ€AH!â€ Godsâ€! Hiccup! Not soooohh...!" She barked a laugh, reaching up to try to embrace his wriggly body. "I feel likeâ€ ah! You've been wanting to tell me someâ€THINGâ€ ah, here, for a while!"

He looked down at her in adoration, his fluffy hair peaky with sweat, his eyes slightly more crossed than usual and his mouth twisted and sheepish as his little grunts whistled through his large teeth. "Yeah," he breathed, sinking tremblingly to his elbows, wanting to feel her arms around him. "Yeahhh." He snorted. "Aaaaastriid. Y-you have no ideaâ€! Iâ€ Mmm. Hahâ€!"

Some things can really only be said with your penis. Hiccup very much intended to nudge as many of his silent years-old love letters into her as he possibly could before he fell flat, despite barely having the language to do it.

Her eyes narrowed at him in that way she had. "Oh, I canâ€ can tell! Hahhh..." She wrapped her arms possessively around himâ€ a bit like

trying to wrestle a big salmon or shark" and when that didn't seem to be enough, she wrapped her legs around his thighs too, hissing at the way this forced him deeper inside. "Ahh! Come on!" She eagerly shoved back against him, trying to guide his thrusts into angles that made her all goosebumpy with pleasure. "Ohhhh! Careful"ach! Ah"! Likethatlikethat!"

"Like" what? I'm just" \_doing it\_"!"

He let out a squeal as she caught a handful of his behind in her claws, pulling him into her own thrusts. "Like"\_this\_! Uh"\_up\_ like \_that\_"oh, oh, ohh..."

Hiccup snorted, loving her little animal sounds, the way the sweat disheveled her... It all gave him a rush of that terrible, satisfying, greedy primal feeling. He wondered if this was what someone like his father felt like all the time; strong and able and sort of, well, actually \_masculine\_. Every nerve of his tiny body jangled with a frenzied euphoria.

He couldn't take his eyes off her, nor shake the uncanny, deliciously irrational emotion that she was HIS somehow. All his. Wasn't she? It was only fair; he'd been hers long before she'd even given him her first bruise.

"Wh"what's that look for?" Astrid snorted up at him.

If anything, his goofy face only got pinker. "It's just"ah, I like how" it makes you \_sound \_funn" \_nice\_"!"

"Yeah, well you LOOK fu"nah, ah, ahhhh"!"

Mischievously, he leaned in and pushed into her in such a way that she couldn't even finish her sentence coherently.

The rapture-weakened biff and the nails in his backside this earned him were absolutely worth it, as was the gasping of her lips and teeth into his neck, as if she were a dragon and he a tasty deer she was bringing down.

And bring him down she did, or tried, rolling to the side and pulling him, squirming, with her.

"Astriiiiiid!" he squealed; unable to stop bucking even if he tried. It was too good. He tried to wriggle back on top of her. "Lemme" UP!"

She rolled easily on top of him. "You ha-ah-ad your ch-AH-nce!"

He wriggled his clever fingers deftly into her armpit, surprising her enough to unseat her. "I wasn't \_done\_"!"\_

They dissolved into a brief playful struggle of sweat and limbs, twisting into trembling teenaged Celtic knots. She gave him bruises and he gave her bite marks and they exchanged scratches over their tender skins in such numbers even through their thick clothes as to be able to write the whole thing off as a wayward Terrible Terror attack.

All the while, Hiccup clung and curled against her, at times quite

brutally, fumbling to rut her as hard as possible, getting in every stroke he could on the unconscious presumption that he very well may not get another chance, gasping and trembling but unaware of his body's fatigue.

Astrid found within a few moments that she didn't altogether mind making it easy for him— something she was vaguely surprised by. His wild passion, fettered only by the awkwardness of his severe inexperience, took a bit to get used to, but after about a minute or so of confused, clumsy teenaged lust she found herself dizzy and splayed underneath him again, not sure how she'd got there and not sure she cared. It was easier for him, with what little he knew (or cared to know, in that wild moment), to manage to hit the good spots that way.

It wasn't long after that realization (or, in truth, all that long in total) before Hiccup went all funny (well, \_funnier\_) on top of her, his breathing jumping into choppy wheezes as his movements became odd, frantic jerks.

Hiccup made a panicked little noise, having experienced this feeling in lesser form before and sinkingly aware of the impending mess, realizing for a split moment that he hadn't thought this through and oh Thor, oh \_Thor\_—! but he could only furrow his brow and drool, burrowing his face now into her soft chest. It was almost as if his hips had a mind of their own, and all he could think was that he had to be \_deeper, deeper, deeper\_ inside, all the way up inside, all the way inside, \_and he shuddered as he heard her surprised squeaks, felt her nails digging into his back, as his legs filled up with pins and needles and he wailed in a sort of agony as he greedily shoved himself as deep as he could possibly go and went off with indescribably pleasurable gush after gush after gush of his hot, fresh, creamy seed, and what felt like maybe some of his blood and soul and entrails, more than he could measure, as \_deep\_ into her belly as he possibly get it. \_Deep, deep, deep!\_ He didn't know why; it just seemed \_important\_. \_He kicked, pushed with his toes and wriggled and squirmed and made sure every bit of him was filling her all the way up, feeling so much of it ooze and squish so amazingly all around him until he felt weak and lightheaded with the lack of him left inside for himself and, hollow, collapsed on top of her.

Toothless made a long, eerie, empathetic howl, his eyes bright with a certain interest or even pride, but the two of them were almost too wrapped up to notice.

"...Aaaaastriid," Hiccup purred softly into her skin as he melted over her like a dollop of butter over something lovely and warm, his body throbbing and twitching like a freshly shot stag. His arms were draped around her and he wanted desperately to hug her close and be part of her forever, but his limbs wouldn't work, so he nuzzled at her sweetly. "I love you. I love you I love you. Astrid..."

She shook him gently, still very much aroused and bucking hopefully against his suddenly unresponsive hips. "Are you okay...? You stopped..."

"Yessss..." he purred softly, sleepily. "Ve-ry done-stopped. I think. A bit. I ran out of... stuff. Hahhh...\_I loooooove you\_..." He kissed weakly, clumsily at every bit of her he could reach, hardly able to

move even his head.

She raised an eyebrow in disbelieving amusement and bucked against him more roughly, tensing her hands on his hips to try to get him to move again. "You can't be \_done\_. \_I'm still..." She tapered off, going still as she became aware of something warm and wet and slippery emerging between her legs, tickling as it oozed out around his softening penis. "...Hiccup?"

"Mngh?" His eyelids flickered, almost shut.

"What did you..." She squirmed again. Oh that felt \_strange!\_ "What \_is\_ that?"

"Oh... it's coming out..." he mumbled unhappily, giving a funny little shove, which she realized was him trying to push it back inside her. "Ohhhhh..." He puffed in embarrassed amusement, his breath leaving a damp spot against her breast. "'s my...\_love... \_You know...?\_" \_He chuckled weakly, as if even laughing was too exhausting for him now. "Hahhh... No. Iii... don't know. It's like milk? But it doesn't... \_taste\_ like milk...? I gave you \_alllll \_of it... I guess it's \_me. \_My... stuff. My... uh, \_seeds-stuff..."

"Um... You put \_seeds \_inside me..." She blinked.

He buried his face against her, warm breath puffing through her cleavage. "'M supposed to... That's where they \_go..." \_he mumbled. "They probably aren't... any good though," he added, as a clumsy afterthought, vaguely aware of skirting danger. His brain had almost completely shut off, leaving behind only the most basic, hedonistic reptilian bits, which couldn't have been more elated at the idea that his young potent seeds might've finally found a place to grow. Hiccup very much did \_not\_ want to make Astrid pregnant, not today, but nonetheless his stomach had filled up completely with butterflies and his tiny, hardly-sexually-mature body shivered with euphoric goosebumps at the idea that her wonderful girl-body had some chance of turning a bit of that generous flood of his slimy, sloppy boy-seed into \_a new person. \_He was too enamored, too mystified, to be capable of thinking too hard about it. "Thank you..." he purred. "Thank you, thank you, Astrid..."

"...So...that... was \_it\_" She gave him a hopeful shake, to no avail, ultimately ignoring his weird babbling in favor of acquiring more friction instead of fixating on on dismal topics herself. "You're really... done?"

Hiccup thought a moment, slowly. Maybe not...

"Umphh..." He gave her a tiny, hopeful nudge with his hips, his flaccid penis nearly sliding out on the generous gush of sticky sperm he'd left behind.

Then he fell asleep. A deep, warm, limb-numbing sleep-coma that left him like a breathing corpse, unwakeable for now.

"Hiccup..." Astrid lay there underneath him for a long moment in disbelief, listening to his sweet, breathy Hiccup-snores.

Toothless peeeeeeeered quietly over the top of the bed, chopping his



jaw curiously. His big eyes glanced at her, before he bent and snuffled gingerly around between their legs, his tongue flicking out to touch and taste, apparently in hopes of finding something to lick up.

Astrid made a sound of protest and held Hiccup to her by the buttock as Toothless gave him a curt little shove with his snout to try to roll him out of the way.

"Hey! Leave him there!" she hissed.

The dragon blinked curiously, a sheepish little rumble in his throat.

Her mouth twisted. It wouldn't be so bad, really. The dragon would be all too happy to clean her up, lapping her over and over with that big, hot, tongue, ohhhh... Still unsatisfied, she quivered around Hiccup's spent penis just thinking about it.

But it didn't seem right to move right now. She didn't know what it was.

Maybe it was that Hiccup was still, precariously, held inside of her, and she was sort of afraid of what it would feel like to be empty again, to be without the surreal sensation of his heartbeat pulsing sleepily inside of her body, his tiny ribcage swelling softly against her, the smell of boy-hair and sweet sweat and ash and leather filling her breath.

Maybe it was that it just felt nice underneath him; he was warm and alive and just the right weight, so strangely precious as he slept, so very much like a child, that it seemed a funny end to his wild, breathless foray into the territory of brute manliness. She gently stroked the hair out of his face, with his trembling weathered lip and long lashes. It was hard to be too disappointed in that face. She knew he'd given her as much love as his happy body could give and then some.

And yet, maybe, in her heart of hearts, she really just felt like she ought to leave him there until he got around to doing something about her longing. Irrational, maybe. It just didn't seem fair. She had all-too-generously offered a part of herself in exchange for one of his own, and it didn't seem like he'd met his part of the deal. Not that it hadn't been any good... she'd be dreaming about his sweet thick penis sliding inside her, about his fervent rhythm and wild enthusiasm, for weeks and weeks to come.

But here she was.

She guessed it was sort of stupid to have expected them both to go off at once. She'd never really thought about it before.

She sighed.

Carefully, she held the limp boy's pelvis close to her, trying to nuzzle in the floppy remnant of his penis as securely as she could get it. It didn't seem to bother Hiccup much; aside from a soft sound, he slept on, gently and peacefully. She found if she squeezed him the right way, she could get one of his bones to rub right up against her most sensitive spot.

It would have to do.

Toothless gurgled curiously as she began to wriggle and buck against the like-dead boy, thrusting out her own longing against him.

She bit her lip. It wasn't \_awful\_. Just as Toothless' tongue had been, it was a strange new change of pace from her own fingers and hard, cold, dead objects. She had a nice warm lovely body to cling onto, and despite the fact that Hiccup had gone soft inside her, there was something \_extremely\_ \_arousing\_ about being filled up with him and his slick ooze, which she could feel sliding between their bodies and squishing out of her in heavy dollopsâ€" Gods, there was \_so much!\_ She knew he'd been joking about it being his \_love\_, but she had to admit there WAS a strange sense of satisfaction in being worthy of being filled to overflowing like a Snoggletog tankard.

It took a little more effort than she had imagined, but before long, she finally squeezed him tight and climaxed around him with few heady shudders, feeling her insides ripple around the bit of him left inside. It was a nice strong one, enlivened by the boy between her legs, that made her nerves hum pleasantly as she finally melted back beneath him. Maybe he could feel something happening inside her; his head moved slightly as he made a soft little sound.

"Mnnngh... Thank you, Hiccup..." she murmured, kissing his downy forehead, nuzzling into his sweet-smelling hair.

She adjusted his weight on top of her slightly, wrapping him up possessively in her arms, and then she, too, found herself drifting in and out of a light, hazy half-sleep for a long, long time. It was as if time had stood still, and this lovely, lazy afternoon was lasting them forever, the yellow sun from the skylight only briefly interrupted by dragon wings outside and Toothless' own curious shadow as he checked on them from time to time.

It was when the light burning against her eyelids had started to turn orange, and Toothless had long given up to lie on his belly and sigh at them from the corner, that Hiccup finally stirred, bringing Astrid out of her own daze to cling at him before he had a chance to move away.

He looked up at her dazedly. "...Astrid..."

She smiled.

His eyebrows furrowed, and he yawned, stretching his tiny arms out to his sides, slightly confused that she was holding him close. "...That was a dream, wasn't it?"

She blinked innocently. "What was?"

He sighed softly. She liked watching the gears in his head slowly working up to speed. "We... It was. It had to be."

She chuckled. "Maybe... Was it a good dream?"

He wiped the sleep out of his eye as he dizzily laid his head against her chest and stared at the wall in bafflement. "It was. ...It was... a \_really\_ good dream..."

She puffed, trying to hold back her amusement. "Well... good. That's good, Hiccup."

He lay there in contemplative silence for a long while.

"Astrid..."

He was about to ask a question, but she didn't let him start. "I should probably go," she managed, rolling him underneath her.

"Astrid, wait... if that was a dream, whyâ€" Uhhfff!"

She caught his wide, baffled eyes, and couldn't help but smile down at him for a too-long, awkward moment, the sound locked in the back of his throat and the secret locked in hers.

She biffed him stiffly on the shoulder before he could muster up the breath to speak. "\_That's\_ for falling asleep on me. And \_this," \_she whispered, leaning in to kiss him, "is for being part of a \_really good dream.\_"

She drew away softly, savoring his shocked expression, and made to slip away mysteriously before his brain could sift through the mists of smitten.

She didn't get far.

The moment she lifted her hips away from him, her face pulled into a look of disgusted shock as she was beset by the strange sensation of his floppy, velvety penis slipping loose of her with a slight pop, quickly followed by that of a generous, thickened wad of warm sticky Hiccup-seed sliding out of her and escaping down her thigh.

It didn't take long for Hiccup to become very extra sure that he had not been dreaming.

As if the ambiance hadn't already been shattered completely, Astrid outright shrieked as she felt Toothless' hot, helpful tongue almost immediately dipping in to swipe straight up her leg and over her backside, swallowing most of the messy gift in one ravenous swoopâ€"

But of course the dragon had to lick a few more times to be sure, shoving her forward so forcefully she found herself face-first against Hiccup's chest with a giant tongue probing her used, tender quim.

"Astrid, Astridâ€"! " Hiccup squirmed underneath her, unable to see much, but able to piece it together quickly now that his synapses were firing again. "Ohhhh, Astrid... I'm sorry, I'm sorry... he really likes... that stuff..." He frowned, almost more offended that the dragon had scooped away the product of his efforts, now that he'd left it in a perfectly appropriate place. "Ohhh, gross, just let meâ€" " He helped her roll off of him, which gave the beast full access to his own exposed, sticky genitals. Not one to miss a spot, Toothless plunged right on ahead to clean up his boy, too, actually retracting his teeth to do some careful nibbling.

Hiccup was very used to the beast licking up the mess after he masturbated, but it wasn't often at all that he got messy enough that the dragon actually ventured to lick the parts proper, which was an unsettling, confusing sensation Hiccup didn't think he'd ever grow to tolerate.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no" he squealed unhappily, wrestling to get access to his waistband and hastily tucking his slimy penis away, which thankfully persuaded Toothless to get a hold of himself and pull away with a happy slurp over his snout. Hiccup let out a long breath of relief through his teeth. Imagine if Toothless' gross smelly wet tongue had given him another great big stiff pounding erection, right here in front of Astrid? He shuddered.

"...He does that to you, too?" Astrid remarked in exasperation. Much to her chagrin, Toothless had easily revitalized her, and now her fingers were sneaking toward her well-slimed crotch.

The question took Hiccup by surprise. "Does... what?"

Toothless had begun alternately licking and nuzzling gently at their cheeks and ears instead with a congratulatory air, stepping on them until they had the sense to move to either side to allow his huge body to nestle in between.

Astrid tried pushing the dragon away by pressing on his cheek. "Do I really have to" the \_licking \_of certain\_"

"Ohhh, \_that." \_Hiccup tickled tenderly over his dragon's face, caressing him under the chin to make him relax. "Hah... Um. Well. He mostly just, uh... cleans it up. I mean- I don't think he... \_means\_ anything by it. You know? Now that we... uh... There's all that... \_stuff, \_you know? It, um, probably just tastes good."

Astrid's nose wrinkled.

"...To him," Hiccup hastily amended. "Tastes good to him." It was vague enough, he supposed, but he didn't want to take any chances. He shrugged. "He's always around, so, he uh... tastes everything."

He lay there contemplatively, the dragon lovingly gumming at his ear, his hair still lightly damp with love-sweat.

"I'm sorry," he added, at length.

"Sorry for what?" she snorted, half busy. She felt like she'd been stretched forever, her insides warm and elastic, blushing, maybe bruising, from the sweet boy's inexperienced pounding. Just thinking about it now made her twist. She wondered how much of that ooze all over her was hers or Hiccup's or Toothless'. She wouldn't have minded more of any of it.

"I'm sorry for him... licking you," he offered, and then, more sheepishly, "...and for me not being... very good."

Astrid smiled cautiously. Hiccup didn't really know the half of it about his dragon. But she decided to keep that information to herself, for now.

"Why... don't you think you were any good?" She wormed her arm under the dragon's neck to grab at the boy, squeezing his arm teasingly.

He looked at the wall sheepishly. "You know... Because I got all stupid... and then I fell asleep."

She snorted. "That was pretty... ah... funny."

"And you didn't get to...um. Did you?" he murmured, with what Astrid thought was a surprising amount of shame. "I mean, I kind of forgot to really..."

She tried not to laugh. "It's okay. I sorted myself out later." She was aiming to do it again, though it seemed a little harder now that she'd gone a couple times; no matter how arousing it was to be gooey and now empty, hungry for something thick and warm and sweet tucked inside. "...You'll just have to try to do better next time, huh?"

Hiccup's spine was beset by an icy chill. "...N-next time?"

She snorted, biffing him. "It wasn't THAT awful."

He shivered. "I guess notâ€" I meanâ€" it wasn't badâ€" for me, butâ€" I didn't thinkâ€" you..."

She laughed, clutching him more gently. "Hey," she gave him a little squeeze, her voice softer, "It was nice, you know? Just... being close like that?"

He put his hand over hers thoughtfully. "Yeah... Yeah... it was." It was a different experience, to savor a person like that. Smell her, feel her... He tugged nervously at the edge of his shirt, feeling numb and too-hot, sweaty and so sensitive under his coarse clothes. Surely they could be closer even than that? He swallowed hard. "Astrid... you mean you'd really... let me do that again?"

She squeezed him sharply with a harsh puff of amusement, pushing up the dragon's chin so that she could see the boy's face. Toothless worked his jaw with a disgruntled grunt, turning his head over Astrid to snuffle lazily but interestedly toward her crotch... until she exasperatedly withdrew her hand from her nethers and hooked her fingers into his snout to dissuade him. "Oh, I'm not letting you do anything, stupid," she hissed at the boy with relish. "I'll MAKE you do it. How's that sound?"

Hiccup's insides melted, sheepish, bubbly, awkward, his smile as loopy as a child's doodle. "Oh, um... Okay! Okay...!" He managed to pull himself together before he became a puddle of blissful ooze, forcing himself to laugh. "What...makes you think you can make ME do anything, huh?" he joked in false bravado.

She smirked, pulling closer to him, pushing against the dragon, who grunted with protest, to allow her more room. "I don't know. Seems like I can do it in my sleep."

Hiccup swallowed hard. "Astrid... I...that... wasn't one of my, uh, prouder... moments..."

"Well, I'm awake now," she murmured, amused. "And you sure do have a lot to make up for, don't you?"

"I...guess..." He watched her cautiously.

"It's probably going to take a few more times at least, I think," she remarked casually, idly tracing the edge of his coat.

"...You think?" He gave her a sideways glance.

She nodded faintly, accidentally catching his eye and quickly glancing away before his expression could make her laugh.

Hesitantly, he lifted his hand to clasp at her wrist. "Well," he cleared his throat. "I think it might take more than \_that...\_ You know? I mean... I really ought to make it up to you, after all. And, well, to do that properly might take some time, right?" He fondled interestedly at the joints of her pretty hand, now that it was his to examine. "Could take \_weeks \_and \_weeks \_of servitude... Months maybe..."

She dug her knuckles teasingly against his side. "Don't get ahead of yourself there, stupid." She sighed too-loudly, trying to conceal the wild mix of emotion brewing in her gut, and leaned her cheek on his shoulder, eyes narrowed. "How about we just wait and see?"

Hiccup wasn't sure, but as he, shivering, felt her fingers slip underneath his shirt and crawl possessively over his skin, he couldn't shake the uncanny feeling that he'd be working off his screw-ups for a very long time.

And that sounded to him a little like a dream come true.

**\*\*FIN\*\***

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